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A Deal for the Russians, by Zbigniew Brzezinski

Stanley Kauffmann on 'Gandhi' • Michael Walzer on Liberal Justice

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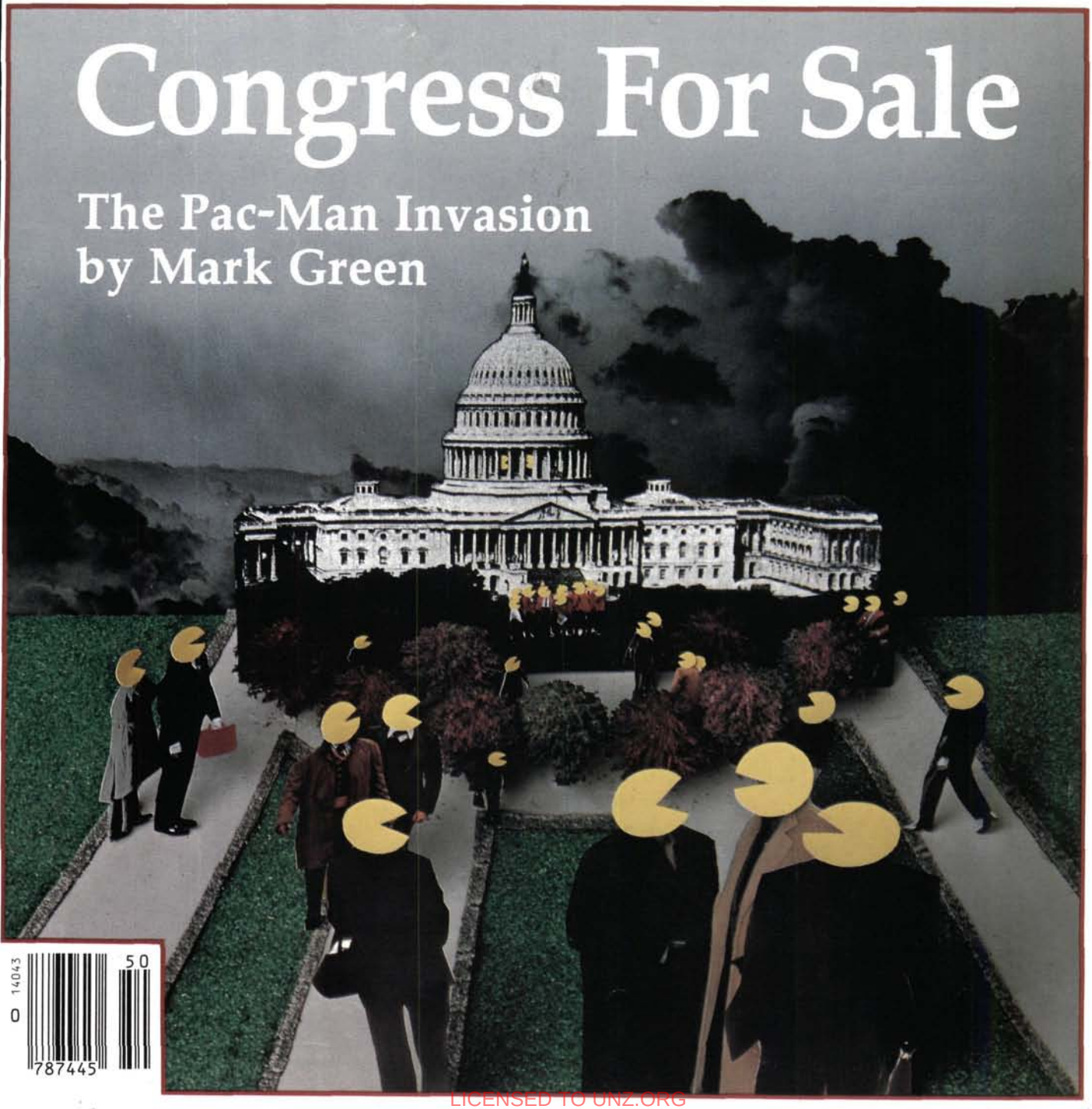
THE NEW REPUBLIC



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CORRESPONDENCE

TRADE TIFF

To the editors:

In recent months I have advocated a strategy for reasserting American competitiveness in a much fairer and more open system of international trade. As an essential element of this strategy, I have argued that we must get much tougher in negotiations with our major trading partners. My purpose is to foster competition and to lower old trade barriers rather than erect new ones. And my proposal for temporary assistance to beleaguered American industries is linked to explicit plans for restoring the long-term competitiveness of these industries.

I am not surprised that my suggestions have come in for their share of criticism. Many people who wouldn't dream of invoking Adam Smith as an adequate guide for domestic economic policy have no trouble doing just that in the field of foreign trade. They recognize—indeed, insist—that economic changes in the two centuries since the *Wealth of Nations* was written have radically changed the nature of "free enterprise." But they are unwilling to entertain the possibility that changes in the world economy necessitate a comparable shift in our understanding of "free trade." Michael Kinsley's thoughtful criticism of my position ("Protectionist Paranoia," TNR, November 15) exemplifies this tendency.

To begin with, Mr. Kinsley overlooks the prime source of our current trade difficulties—the distorted value of the dollar, which in effect imposes a huge tax on exports while subsidizing imports. Classical economic theory tells us that such distortions will quickly correct themselves. But here, as in so many other cases, theory has lagged behind the real world. The value of currencies is affected not only by productivity, price levels, and trade, but also by interest rates, unbalanced fiscal and monetary policies, official stances toward overseas investment, and the perception of certain economies as safe havens in an insecure world. Until the distortion of the dollar is rectified, it is just common sense to extend some interim assistance to otherwise healthy industries.

Second, Mr. Kinsley makes the familiar economist's error of calculating "efficiency" while ignoring the expense of real-world social change. To allow current trends to continue unabated is to condemn many industries, communities, and workers to hardship. It means large write-offs of the public and private capital already sunk in factories, roads, and water systems, and even larger expenditures to recreate these facilities elsewhere. It means huge sums for unemployment benefits, welfare, and retraining. This is why my proposals are *less* costly than a do-nothing, laissez-faire policy.

Third, Mr. Kinsley gives no weight to national security arguments acknowledged by even the staunchest nineteenth-century free traders (to say nothing of every signatory to the General Agreements on Tariffs and Trade). In an era in which our ability to command the seas has been called into question, we cannot afford to become dependent on overseas suppliers for the very foundation of our civilian and military production.

Finally, the classical theory of natural comparative advantage, based on such endowments as soil, climate, mineral resources, and geographical location, is increasingly irrelevant to modern economies. For a broad range of manufactured goods, there is no decisive natural comparative advantage. Efficiency and competitiveness are largely determined by the strategies of firms and governments. Producers who can get to markets first with new products are in a position to realize huge economies of scale, making it very difficult for others to regain competitiveness. Since the advantages accruing from such plans are the product of human choice and effort, not of nature, they can be matched by the comparable efforts of competing nations. Most nations have, however, used some form of import restriction to protect vulnerable industries during the early stages of their plans. The United States can have fully competitive auto and steel industries in the 1990s, but to reach that goal, we may well have to give them a respite from foreign competition.

I am under no illusion that current problems in U.S. trade can be wholly solved through unilateral action. I favor an urgent international initiative, beginning with the GATT ministerial meeting this month, to reverse the slide toward beggar-thy-neighbor protectionism. Be-

continued on page 40

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2 **CORRESPONDENCE** ..... Mondale, Kinsley, and Askew on protectionism.

4 **TRB FROM WASHINGTON** ..... THE COMING CRISIS

5 **THE EDITORS** ..... RESISTERS WITHOUT A DRAFT
In the absence of actual conscription—let alone a war—sending nonregistrants to jail is unjust.

NOTEBOOK

8 **CHARLES KRAUTHAMMER** ..... THE TIRANA INDEX
The campaign is over. Now, whither Albania?

10 **DAVID A. ANDELMAN** ..... YUGOSLAV MALAISE
In the two and a half years since Tito's death, his country has sunk into apathy and division.

11 **ZBIGNIEW BRZEZINSKI** ..... A DEAL FOR ANDROPOV
The West has big advantages in its competition with the Soviets. With the change of leadership in Moscow, the time is ripe for new initiatives.

18 **MARK GREEN** ..... POLITICAL PAC-MAN
There's no longer any question about it: PACs—political action committees—are buying not just friends but votes on Capitol Hill. A complete report on a pernicious political phenomenon.

26 **STANLEY KAUFFMANN** ..... ON FILMS: THE MAN WHO COULD NOT LOSE
Richard Attenborough's *Gandhi* is a true tribute to a great man's monumentally consecrated life.

28 **ROBERT BRUSTEIN** ..... ON THEATER: MUSICAL INTO OPERA
Candide is Bernstein at the height of his powers; Murray Schisgal's *Twice Around the Park* is slight.

29 **DAVID BROMWICH** ..... WILLIAM COBBETT, REFORMER
Throughout the first third of the 19th century, Cobbett—in many ways the Orwell of his time—was a one-man reform movement in British life.

35 **MICHAEL WALZER** ..... FROM CONTRACT TO COMMUNITY
Liberalism and the Limits of Justice by Michael J. Sandel

36 **SANDRA MCPHERSON** ..... POEM *The Way Holograms Work*

37 **NITZA ROSOVSKY** ..... PILGRIMS TO THE HOLY LAND
Three books about Western visitors to the Levant, where mankind's deepest convictions were born.

38 **MARK FEENEY** ..... BRIEF REVIEW
A View of My Own: Essays on Literature and Society by Elizabeth Hardwick

43 **WASHINGTON DIARIST** ..... *Beer*

COVER by Alexandra Lewis, photography by Mary Noble Ours. Article on page 18.

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FROM WASHINGTON

The Coming Crisis

Can anybody shout "Fire!" in a soft voice? What we want to say is that the world has a fair chance of going into a global depression (not recession, we've got that now), and we don't want to do anything to speed the process.

The remarkable thing today, perhaps, is the gap between the mass thinking of the public and what impartial top experts are saying. Such a gap has rarely, if ever, existed. It didn't occur before the 1929 collapse, which was as unbelievable to Harvard professors as to Herbert Hoover. But now warnings are being sounded. Look about you, they say. Mexico is bankrupt. Economic conditions are worse in Europe and Japan than in the United States. The world is awash in I.O.U.s of developing countries that they can't pay unless they get more money. And the friendly bank on your corner (National Fidelity, Security, Integrity, Purity, Chastity Mortgage & Trust) is tied into a world credit pool that is churning with uncertainty.

Here are some recent comments:

M.I.T. economist Lester C. Thurow recently told "Meet The Press": "You can't stand up and say, 'Hey, we've got an economic disaster on our hands.' But the fact of the matter is we do have an economic disaster on our hands."

Robert Solomon of Brookings, writing for the Center for National Policy, notes that the long-term external debt of the non-oil developing countries is around $505 billion. At the end of 1981, "the nine largest American banks had issues outstanding to Argentina, Brazil, and Mexico equal, respectively, to 20, 42, and 45 percent of their capital." That's a huge chunk of U.S. capital. If the nations defaulted on their bank debt, says Solomon, "This would throw the largest American banks into insolvency." Yes, "a self-perpetuating chain of curtailed credit would aggravate recession," Mr. Solomon notes. He adds quietly, "this process has already started."

Finally, here's the comment of Felix Rohatyn, investment banker of Lazard Frères, who was the man who put together the multibillion-dollar consortium that bailed out New York City in 1975. It was running an annual deficit of $1.7 billion. He came as chairman of the Municipal Assistance Corporation; what the world needs now, many think, is a global MAC. He says, "You have a worldwide situation of contraction, or depression, of very great economic distress, of unemployment, hardship throughout the world, which clearly can't continue. That, itself, feeds on the world banking system which is under very serious difficulties because of the inability of debtor countries to finance the debt."

Rohatyn is calm and cool. He tells questioners on "Face the Nation" that the present precarious situation can't last. He gives the world twelve to twenty-four months before the "crisis." What can be done? He asks for "some kind of coordinated economic action by the U.S., Western Europeans, and the Japanese . . . to keep a collapse from happening." How about at home? Rohatyn believes the United States can't reduce the deficit dramatically at a time of semi-depression. Ways must be found to change the Social Security system. And the defense budget must be cut. "Taking 10 or 15 percent away from military spending seems to me to be absolutely a minimum that everybody can live with—say $200 to $250 billon over the next five years." He sums up the plight of the West succinctly. "People are finally realizing that we have become the prisoner of our debtors." And he answers the final question—why don't lenders just stop lending? They can't. "If banks stop lending now, you are going to have some terrible social problems in these debtor countries that will force them to the wall politically. Big banks can't back out precipitously from their loans lest they send the debtor country straight into default and lose their loan money."

The economic debate rumbled on while Ronald Reagan, in an unforgetta ble evening broadcast, outlined his plan for the MX missile system. The worl presently is spending $600 billion fo arms, and the MX would add $26 billion It would pack a fourteen-square-mil grid in Wyoming with one hundred nu clear missiles (named, with hideous bac taste, "Peacekeepers"). It accepts the postulate, basic to all Reagan's thinking that the Soviets are "far ahead" in mili tary strength. It comes after an electior in which "freeze" referenda won big victories. It incorporates the technica theory, for the first time, that in a "dense pack" system of closely grouped missiles enough missiles would survive an attack for a counterpunch to destroy Russian cities. It throws down a brutal challenge to the Soviets just as they start out under new leadership. At the same time it acknowledges that the Russians seem to have left some doors open for encouraging negotiation. And it thrusts on the ultimate jury of the American people what seems in some ways the most melodramatic and nightmarish, and almost theological choice in their history.

Those who casually dismiss Ronald Reagan as a lightweight because of his "voodoo" supply-side economics, or his fiasco over the Siberian gas pipeline, should consider his power again as he addressed the nation on the dread subject of nuclear weapons. He spoke with fervor and a kind of religious animation His voice was quick, animated, and clear He is a man with high cheekbones, ruddy complexion, profuse dark hair (at 71 years old), blue eyes, and an almost hypnotic hold on the listener as he goes over his scary case of alleged American arms inferiority. The listener may question the validity of his diagrams, or his flat charge that the Soviets have used biological weapons against helpless adversaries, but this is a delivery by a consummate communicator. He left the public struggling to comprehend brand-new concepts in a world as difficult to comprehend on its economic as on its military side. Is this a gigantic bluff aimed against the Soviets? There is a Hollywood touch to some of the performance. Yet the stakes are genuine enough. An agreement with the Soviet Union on arms would bring immeasurable relief to each country. In sum, after weighing the mood of the public, the international situation, the reaction in Congress, the staggering imponderables involved, I have a feeling that President Reagan has troubles ahead: that MX won't fly.

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THE NEW REPUBLIC
DECEMBER 13, 1982

RESISTERS WITHOUT A DRAFT

For the last two years, every 18-year-old American male has been required by law to go to a post office on his birthday, give or take thirty days, and to fill out a postcard form registering himself for the draft. About nine million young men have done so; something like six hundred thousand have not. Whether you find the latter number amazingly high or amazingly low depends on your point of view. The Reagan Administration is among those who find the number of nonregistrants amazingly high. In the hope of boosting the rate of compliance, it has begun taking young men to court.

The score in these trials now stands, government: three, defendants: one. Enten Eller, a member of the historically pacifist Church of the Brethren, was sentenced to three years' probation and told again to register. He again refused, and he faces another hearing in a few weeks. The second man convicted, Benjamin Sasway, based his refusal on "political" rather than religious grounds; his sentence was harsher, two-and-a-half years in jail, and he has appealed. The third man, Mark Schmucker, also a religious pacifist, drew two years of mandatory work in a home for mentally retarded adults and a $4,000 fine.

The fourth nonregistrant, David Wayte, argued that he and the others indicted had been targets of "selective prosecution" by the government for their openness in opposing registration. Wayte's contention was supported by the fact that out of the hundreds of thousands of nonregistrants, all those indicted were either "self-reporters"—individuals who had written letters to the government announcing their refusal to comply for reasons of conscience—or others who had publicly declared their refusal to register. A transcript of an April Pentagon meeting, disclosed by *The Washington Post*, further deepened suspicions of "selective prosecution" by showing that the government consciously chose trial sites where incidents of protest would be relatively unlikely. John S. Herrington, an assistant secretary of the Navy, advocated picking "the right jurisdiction, so you don't end up in New York or Chicago, and [so you do] end up in Omaha or somewhere like that for your first trials." Secretary of Defense Caspar Weinberger, who also attended the meeting, agreed with the idea of staging the trials in areas where local citizens (and potential jurors) would be less apt to sympathize with the defendants. ("Not the District of Columbia," Mr. Weinberger advised sagely.) The U.S. District Court Judge in the Wayte case, Terry J. Hatter, issued a court order instructing the government to produce White House and Pentagon documents relating to the prosecution policy, and another instructing Presidential counselor Edwin Meese III to appear at a pretrial hearing. The government, invoking executive privilege, refused to comply with either order. Judge Hatter dismissed the charges against Mr. Wayte, ruling in the process that President Carter had committed a technical violation of the law by cutting short the period of time between the signing of the proclamation and the beginning of registration. It remains to be seen whether this ruling will be upheld in higher courts; in the meantime, the tech-

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nical validity of the entire draft registration law is in limbo.

We think that a democratic state has the right to require military service of its citizens, and thus that the government is within its rights in requiring young men (young women, too—but that is a separate issue) to register for the draft. But we also think that in the absence of a functioning draft, let alone a war, depriving people of their liberty for the act of refusing to register is disproportionate and therefore unjust. Finally, we think that the registration law is flawed by its failure to provide any mechanism by which conscientious objectors can make formal note of their beliefs.

AT THE MOMENT, three kinds of people run afoul of the draft registration requirement. The first are those who are unaware of the requirement, or who have simply forgotten to comply. The second are those who have purposely avoided registering in the belief that by staying off the list they will avoid inconvenience, including the inconvenience of being called in the event of an actual draft. The third are those who refuse to register for reasons of conscience.

The peculiarity—and the injustice—of the present situation is that the only people who can be prosecuted and punished under the registration law are those in the third category. Those who have forgotten to register, or who didn't know they had to, will do so if reminded, and their cases would then immediately become moot. Those who have skipped registering in the vague hope of avoiding some hypothetical inconvenience in the future obviously will register as soon as it becomes clear to them that the alternative is undergoing some actual inconvenience, however slight, in the present. The only people who will persist in not registering to the point of indictment, to say nothing of trial and punishment, are those who are or claim to be conscientious objectors—many of whom would be so classified in the event of an actual draft. The registration law, as written, is a smart bomb that hones in only on C.O.s.

If there were now an actual, functioning draft—if, that is, large numbers of young men were being subjected to the inconvenience of interrupting their lives for a year or two of military service—then it might well make sense to prosecute and jail those who unlawfully sought to avoid service, even including the minority of conscientious objectors unwilling to take advantage of the noncombatant or alternative service provisions of actual conscription. If there were both a draft and a war—if young men were being not only conscripted but killed and wounded—then it would make even more sense. In World War II, the Korean War, and the Vietnam War, thousands of men served time in prison for their pacifist beliefs. In the tradition of civil disobedience, they willingly accepted their punishment as a way of bearing witness to their religious or political convictions—and they were infinitely more honorable and courageous than the much larger number of men who "dodged" the draft by faking physical or mental ailments or by rearranging their careers to qualify for student or occupational deferments.

At the moment, though, there is no draft to dodge. So the *only* young men who are compelled by the draft law to make any tangible sacrifice, or who are placed in physical danger by it (for even the most benign prisons are dangerous to some degree), are conscientious objectors. Of course, not all C.O.s refuse to register, and it may be that some of those who do refuse are merely seeking publicity or trying to become heroes in the eyes of their contemporaries. Even so, the fact remains that the only people who currently risk forfeiting something of value (their liberty) are those who claim to be motivated by conscience.

That is why we favor amending the registration process to allow registrants to declare their intention to seek C.O. status in the event of a reinstitution of the draft, perhaps by checking a box on the registration form, perhaps by submitting a letter to be kept on file with Selective Service. In the absence of a draft, there is no need to evaluate the validity of these claims, any more than there is a need to give physical examinations. But we do not agree with those who would reserve C.O. status only for members of established "peace churches," such as the Quakers or Mr. Eller's Church of the Brethren. To be sure, simple political disagreement with American foreign policy or with conscription should not, by itself, be enough to qualify for officially recognized C.O. status. But conscientious objection ought to be defined broadly enough to encompass all who genuinely object as a matter of conscience to participation in war, whether or not that objection is on narrowly religious grounds. This should be done even if it hampers the Selective Service System—although, as a practical matter, it isn't likely to. Before and during the Vietnam War, a series of court decisions considerably expanded the boundaries of officially recognized conscientious objection; yet the Army had no trouble filling its ranks. If past experience is any guide, even the broadest definition of conscientious objection does not prevent the armed forces from raising the manpower they need, even in the most unpopular war.

IN ANY CASE, the present draft registration law has little to do with raising manpower. When President Carter asked Congress to enact the law in the wake of the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan, he did so in order to have a military—or military-seeming—component in his package of responses, to go with the grain embargo and the Olympic boycott. Registration was not instituted for reasons of military necessity. On the contrary, Mr. Carter's Selective Service Director had just drafted a report rejecting the idea of pre-mobilization registration as intrusive, cost-ineffective, and unnecessary. After the decision was made, the bureaucracy dutifully came up with military justifications for it. But the fact remains that registration has little military significance; it is

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fundamentally an expression of *political* resolve. That is why we supported Mr. Carter's imposition of draft registration and Mr. Reagan's retention of it. But the fact that registration has a more political than military character is another argument against bringing the full harshness of the law to bear against those whose protest against it takes the form of nonviolent civil disobedience.

We think the government has an obligation to make provision for registrants to claim conscientious objector status, just as it has an obligation, in the event of an actual draft, to make provision for acceptable alternative service. Of course, no matter what accommodations the government makes, some C.O.s will feel that they cannot cooperate in any way with any law that contemplates conscription for war, and they will find a way to violate that law. But when no one is actually being drafted and the law requires nothing but the filling out of a form, prison—or even, as in Mark Schmucker's case, mandatory humanitarian service—is clearly excessive. A civil fine would be perfectly adequate.

A final irony of the trials is that the government already has the information it is prosecuting the defendants for not supplying: name, address, and date of birth. In fact, since most of the defendants are "self-reporters," they themselves provided the information in their letters stating their refusal to register. The government has everything it asked for—except a signature on a form. In Shaw's play *Androcles and the Lion*, a Roman captain pleads with the Christian woman with whom he has fallen in love to save herself by placing a pinch of incense on the altar of Jupiter. She needn't abandon her religion, he tells her; she needn't believe anything she doesn't want to believe—all she has to do is take a few seconds to carry out an innocuous formality. In the case of Enten Eller and the others like him, the pinch of incense is a signature on a postcard, and the altar in question is that of Mars, not Jupiter. But it's still a lousy reason to feed anyone to the lions.

NOTEBOOK

□ GOOD NEWS IS RARE, and good news from South America even rarer; it is a little mystifying, therefore, to find so little of it in the papers. The recent election in Brazil didn't make the headlines, but it is a rather stirring story. It provided a real test of *abertura*, which means "opening" in Portuguese, the name given to President Figuerido's three-year policy of liberalization. *Abertura* passed the test. Voters traveled by airplane to vote, and some even canoed down the Amazon to polling places. The results were a decisive repudiation of the role of the military in Brazilian policies. The military's most famous foe was elected governor of the state of Rio de Janiero. Anti-authoritarian candidates were elected in six more states, including the state of Sao Paulo, which is Brazil's industrial center. All this takes place against a brilliant background of democratization; for example, there are no more political prisoners in Brazil. President Reagan arrives there soon. It will be a luxury rarely afforded an American President—to visit a South American ally about whom he doesn't have to lie.

□ WE RARELY AGREE with Anthony Lewis about the Middle East, but Henry Kissinger's interview with *The Economist* (November 13-19) on the Arab-Israeli predicament is what Mr. Lewis says it is: "must reading for anyone concerned with the area." High praise, from America's foremost Kissinger-basher. Unfortunately Mr. Lewis has cast Mr. Kissinger somewhat in the image of his own desire. The conclusion he attributes to Mr. Kissinger's analysis is "the moratorium on settlements." Nowhere in Mr. Kissinger's analysis, however, is the matter of settlements even discussed. Presumably Mr. Kissinger would like King Hussein to earn the moratorium by entering the peace process. It is a gamble, to be sure; the settlements are not only a carrot for the King, they are also part of what Mr. Kissinger more generally calls "annexation by subterfuge." Mr. Kissinger minces no words about the present Israeli government's annexationist dreams, but he understands the limits of such criticism. He understands, too, that there is only one man in the world who can prevent annexation, and that is King Hussein. Kissinger has provided what the Administration has not: a bold and responsible exegesis of the Reagan plan, a really definitive explanation of the "Jordanian option," which is the only option on the board.

□ THE AIR FORCE recently modified its basing scheme for the MX and provided the public with an unusually blunt illustration of how an arms race is run. The "dense pack" in which the MXs are to be deployed will now be shaped in a way that will require the Soviets to explode ten megatons a minute in the air above our missiles in order to pin them down. Brigadier General Gordon E. Fornell made a comment that gave the game away. "When you start talking about ten megatons a minute, you start exhausting his resources and drive him to development of new warheads larger in yield." There it is. We will drive them and they will drive us. And not a shred of safety will be gained by anybody. This is not a national security policy; it is a science contest.

□ JIMMY CARTER CONFESSED that he learned more about the Soviet Union from the invasion of Afghanistan than from anything else in his four years in office. The inadequacy of his Administration's intellectual preparation in this matter was in evidence again last week, in Marshall Shulman's "Kremlinologizing" in the Op-Ed page of *The New York Times*. Professor Shulman was

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special adviser on Soviet affairs to the Secretary of State, and this is how he puts the question at issue: "What kind of a leader will Yuri V. Andropov be? Is he really a closet something-or-other? Or just a plain old cop?" A plain old cop? The man was in Budapest in 1956; he was a major mover in the invasion of Czechoslovakia in 1968 and in the smashing of Solidarity in 1981; he was director of the K.G.B. for fifteen years, during which he was responsible for the refinement of Stalinist methods of social control. Professor Shulman owes the cops of the world an apology.

□ FIFTY YEARS AGO IN THE NEW REPUBLIC: "On March 2, 1930, D. H. Lawrence died in self-imposed exile at Venice, Italy. The grave under a mild Italian sky is nameless, but his symbol, the phoenix, is reproduced in mosaic on the headstone. Lawrence died in ripe middle age with twenty years of writing behind him, and the last ten years were extraordinarily productive. He had been working against time, against death. There are still a novel and a book of poems unpublished. The stream flows onward; when his own books are no longer in press there will be more books written about him. His death was like the sound of a door slamming to, for it marked the end of a period, the end of a half-century fight for sexual liberation in English writing. After *Lady Chatterley's Lover* all subsequent uses of the sex symbol are anti-climactic. It had been a long fight from the publication of Whitman's "Song of the Body," through the Oscar Wilde trial, through twenty years of Freud to this last writing of a novel printed in Italy and Paris. The issue was now dead, dead as the body of Lawrence in its grave." ("D. H. Lawrence: The Phoenix and the Grave," review by Horace Gregory, December 14, 1932.)

From Albania, this just in.

THE TIRANA INDEX

NOW THAT THE campaign is over and the returns are in, analysis of the latest Albanian election begins. The facts are clear: Party chief Enver Hoxha's slate of candidates for Parliament won by the comfortable margin of 1,627,959 to one. The message seems to be: stay the course.

The Party ran well in all regions and among all classes—worker, peasant, and apparatchik. It swept the atheist vote. The much ballyhooed gender gap never developed. On the other hand, it failed to make any inroads on opposition support. (In the last Albanian election there was also one vote against.) Some observers had been predicting that opposition support might double, but that prospect dimmed last December when a potential leader of the movement, Prime Minister Mehmet Shehu, committed suicide. At the time Hoxha claimed that Shehu did so "in a moment of nervous crisis." Now Party chairman Hoxha ("himself a successful candidate in the 210th district of Tirana," writes *The New York Times*) says that Mr. Shehu, whom he described variously as an American agent, a Soviet agent, and a Yugoslav agent, had been ordered by Yugoslavia to kill Mr. Hoxha and other Albanian leaders, but finally met his demise when he "broke his head against the unity of the party and the people." (Mr. Hoxha's equivocation recalls the answer that the police captain in *Casablanca* gave to a question about the condition of a prisoner. "We are trying to decide whether he committed suicide or died trying to escape.") Since Albanian election law does not permit absentee ballots, analysts conclude that the one vote against Hoxha could not have been cast by Mr. Shehu. His voice will be missed.

HOXHA'S VICTORY margin, though impressive, is not unprecedented. President Assad of Syria won reelection in 1978 with 99.6 percent of the vote. The Soviet Embassy informs us that candidates "always" win more than 99 percent of the vote, usually "around 99.5 percent." Indeed, it seems, anything less than 99 percent is considered a vote of no confidence. Western observers are generally skeptical about these results. Because of their obsession with the authenticity of such elections, they tend to overlook their enormous value as scientific tools. For generations political science has been seeking a way to quantify freedom. Some, like Freedom House annually classify countries according to their level of political and civil liberty. Others like Morton Kondracke propose the creation of a computerized despot-o-meter ("Washington Diarist," TNR, November 15, 1977) to take the guesswork out of such perennially taxing questions as: who's worse, Idi Amin or Roberto d'Aubisson? The trouble with these pioneering schemes is that they are too complicated. I propose a simpler system, crude, but like all crude instruments, quick, easy to use, and blunt. It is the Tirana Index: the higher the vote any government wins in an election the more tyrannous it is. The Tirana Index lends itself to easy rules of thumb. Very bad tyranny (known to some as totalitarian states) usually gets more than 95 percent of the vote, and the more efficient of these, more than 99 percent. Traditional autocracies and military governments (known to some as authoritarian states), such as Turkey and Mexico, can be counted on to clock in somewhere between 80 and 95 percent. (Turkey's last referendum passed by 92.) Well-functioning democracies produce winners who get between 50 and 80 percent of the vote. Countries like Italy, Israel, and others where driving is a life-threatening activity regularly produce winning margins of less than 50 percent. They can safely be classified as anarchies.

CHARLES KRAUTHAMMER

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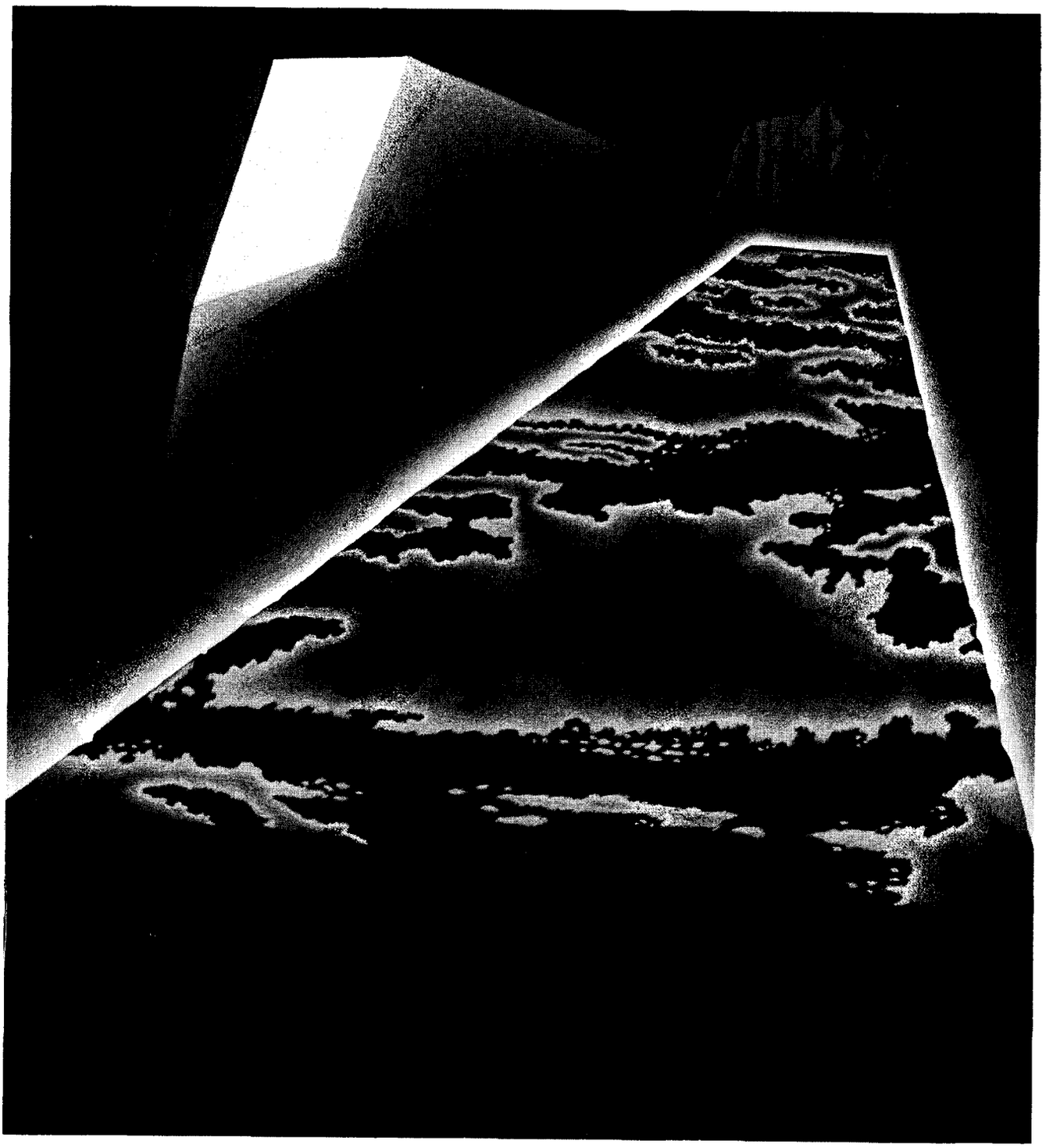

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Are Tito's heirs running on empty?

YUGOSLAV MALAISE

Belgrade

THE EVIDENCE of Yugoslavia's social and economic problems begins on the drive into town from the airport. Lining the highway, hundreds of cars, taxis, and trucks queue for a mile or more, waiting four hours for a ration of gasoline—a meager forty liters (barely ten gallons) a month for each private car. Yugoslavia, a nation of fiercely aggressive drivers wedded to their cars, is grinding to a halt.

In many ways, post-Tito Yugoslavia is in a state bordering on desperation. This was once the liveliest capital of Eastern Europe; now the downtown lights are dimmed at dusk each night, while twice a week whole areas of the city are blacked out entirely for six hours—all in a frantic effort to save precious fuel and precious dollars. Belgrade's shops were once the cornucopia of Eastern Europe. Now it's all but impossible to find even the coffee that Yugoslavs once brewed by the potful and drank cup after endless cup. When it's available, it's eight dollars a pound. Smugglers bring it in from Trieste. If they're caught, the duty is the same eight dollars a pound the coffee would cost were it in the state stores. In these same shops, even in the Centroprom on Ulitsa Svetozara Markovica, there's rarely any soap powder or fresh vegetables in wintertime. The cuts of meat that the Yugoslavs fashion into a range of skewered dishes and tiny hamburgers known as *cevapcici* have all but disappeared.

Josip Broz Tito had little patience for economic affairs. His solution for many of his nation's then-disguised economic ills was simply to accelerate the borrowing from willing Western bankers of the same hard-cash poison that sent first Poland and now neighboring Romania to the poorhouse. Yugoslavia is not yet in as dire straits as either of these other two East European nations. But its hard currency debt has reached some $19 billion and its debt service next year could hit $7 billion. At the same time, receipts from tourism and from the Yugoslav *gastarbeiter* (guest workers), who once sent millions of dollars and Deutschmarks back from Germany, Switzerland, and Austria, are plummeting.

In the two and a half years since Tito's death, no single leader has emerged to take charge. Power now resides in a system of "collective presidencies," whose leaderships revolve annually. The concept was Tito's—designed to smooth conflicts between the perpetually feuding republics that comprise the Yugoslav federation. The result has been a degree of harmony at the top, but also the refusal of any individual to take responsibility for the hard choices that need to be made to give a new sense of national purpose to the country.

An ennervating apathy is percolating down through the entire society. The Yugoslavs' spirit of grim determination is turning grimmer by the day. Even Milovan Djilas, the nation's leading dissident, has lost some of his customary verve. After Tito's death, Djilas told me, there was a serious debate within the ruling Presidency (known in other East European nations as the Politburo) over whether he should be arrested and imprisoned. He was not; and today, two years later, he is devoting much of his attention to the driving lessons that he's begun taking at the age of 71. But his driving school is worried that the new gas rationing may drive it out of business, throwing its instructors into the growing ranks of the unemployed and sending Djilas back to his writing, for which he seems to have lost some measure of enthusiasm since the death of his principal, though never acknowledged, audience of one.

THE FAILURE of a strong leader to emerge, together with the worsening economic situation, seems to have led, however, to a somewhat freer climate of intellectual expression. The National Theater is performing *The Memorandum*, a vicious caricature of bureaucracy under Communism by the Czech playwright Vaclav Havel, who is a political prisoner in his native land for this and other such satires. Last June the same theater premiered Claude Vermorel's *Lenin, Stalin and Trotsky*. Within days of its opening, the Moscow daily *Sovietskaya Rossiya* blasted the production, terming it a "crude literary lampoon" that was an insult to cordial relations between Yugoslavia and the Soviet Union. The newspaper described the play as portraying Lenin "in a caricatured manner," with "Stalin, drinking glass after glass of vodka." The Yugoslav media gleefully reprinted the Soviet reviews.

The lacunas in this landscape of freedom have to do with two subjects about which the regime continues to be most sensitive—Solidarity and the Albanian minority in the southern Serbian region of Kosovo.

There were several small-scale demonstrations last summer for Solidarity. A handful of young people unfolded a pro-Solidarity banner at a rally on behalf of Palestinians, and police moved in to beat two youths and arrest eight. Several of the nation's leading intellectuals issued appeals on their behalf, but when several youths returned to the scene of the original protest to show their "solidarity," they too were arrested and jailed. Yugoslav officials are undoubtedly disturbed by such protests because of their own labor problems at home. At least 12 percent of the work force is believed to be out of work (though precise figures are hard to come by), which translates into at least 800,000 unemployed. Among young people the percentage is at least twice the national average. If more of the million or so Yugoslav *gastarbeiter* are forced to return home from Western Europe by the deteriorating economic situation there, unemployment in Yugoslavia will rise still further. This problem and the 35 to 40 percent inflation have led to an accelerating number of strikes, or, to use the local eu-

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phemism, "stoppages of work," that continue to plague many industries, though none have reached the nationwide scale that marked pre-martial law Poland.

The other sensitive issue is Kosovo, Yugoslavia's poorest region. Kosovo borders on Albania, and its ethnic Albanian inhabitants resent being ruled by Serbs from Belgrade who they believe have made every effort to keep them poor. There were scattered riots during Tito's time; since his death, disturbances have spread. Recently even the tightly controlled Yugoslav television carried a program describing violent acts against ethnic Serbs by the Albanian majority in Kosovo. Several times the University of Pristina, a center of Albanian nationalist activity, has been closed. But the black-eagle flag of Albania continues to fly over many buildings in full public view, the clearest indication that this problem, too, will not go away.

Indeed, the old separatist tendencies are re-emerging with new force throughout the country. But if ethnic differences are the fuel, economic hardship—which falls most heavily on the ethnic minorities—is the spark that could ignite the flame. So the deteriorating economy may pose the greatest immediate challenge to the relative freedom Yugoslavs have so long cherished. Last month, for instance, new controls were clamped on withdrawals of foreign currency from Yugoslav bank accounts—$250 per person for each trip abroad—together with requirements of a $100 interest-free "deposit" for each such trip. Within days, the once-packed trains heading for Trieste, Vienna, and points west were empty. For the moment, Yugoslavia had slipped back into its cloak of Balkan isolation.

DAVID A. ANDELMAN

David A. Andelman, a Paris correspondent for CBS News, lived for two years in Belgrade as correspondent for *The New York Times*.

With Brezhnev's death, time to make an offer.

A DEAL FOR ANDROPOV

BY ZBIGNIEW BRZEZINSKI

THE DEATH OF LEONID BREZHNEV has ended a geriatric stalemate at the summit of Soviet power. Accordingly, the present moment—like the late 1940s, which produced a prolonged cold war, and like the late 1950s, which produced a prolonged and rather uncertain détente—may be one of those crucial times, so obvious in retrospect, when profound historical directions are shaped. The West can, and should, try to influence the course Brezhnev's heirs will now pursue.

An important shift in the center of political gravity has occurred in the Soviet Union. The ascension of Yuri Andropov to the throne of Lenin, Stalin, Khrushchev, and Brezhnev represents an unprecedented triumph of a coalition of the secret police and the armed forces over the traditional Communist Party bureaucracy. In this sense, Andropov succeeded where Lavrenti Beria earlier (in 1953) had failed. Yet Andropov's emergence need not necessarily signal a further militarization of Soviet foreign policy and therefore an intensification of the already unstable Soviet-American rivalry. The Soviets are currently doing their best to depict Andropov as an appealing, Western-style leader who likes nothing better than to curl up with a best-selling American novel as he listens to a Benny Goodman record in the background. One need not believe such fairy tales in order to understand that the present conditions of uncertainty could be exploited to begin stabilizing the relationship between East and West and to begin developing what could become a genuinely more comprehensive and reciprocal détente.

The West brings a strong hand to the tentative reassessment of East-West relations that is bound to accompany the change in Soviet leadership. There is no doubt that the West is politically and culturally more attractive than the Soviet bloc. These advantages are increasing, not decreasing. The only area in which the Soviet world is competitive with the West is that of military power—and even in this area there is no overall Soviet superiority. I do not agree with President Reagan's assessment that the West is strategically inferior to the Soviet Union. From everything that I know—and in recent years I came to know a great deal—I conclude that the true state of the military relationship is that of what might be called strategically ambiguous equivalence. The U.S. is clearly ahead of the Soviet Union in some key systems;

Zbigniew Brzezinski's *Power and Principle* will be published next spring by Farrar, Straus & Giroux.

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HAS JAPANESE INNOVATION REPLACED GOOD OLD YANKEE INGENUITY?

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Not yet. But Japan could close the gap if Americans don't try harder.

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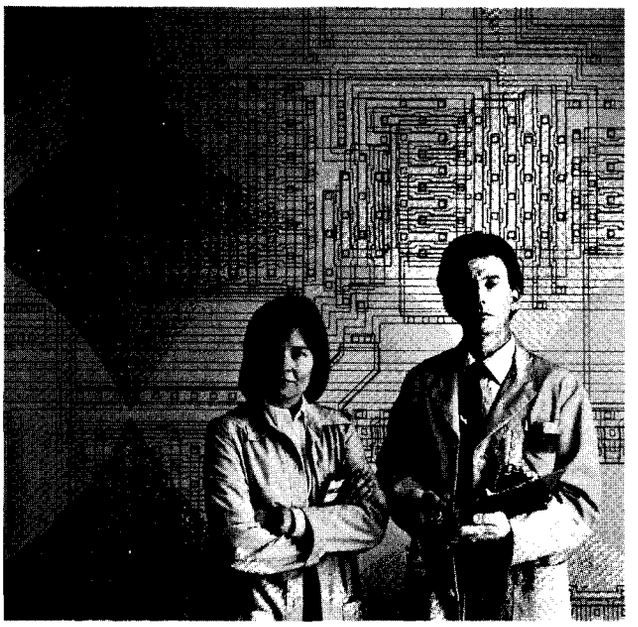

A single engineering drawing for the MC68000 covers an entire wall. Yet the actual microprocessor is only about 1/4 inch square.

These 16-bit microprocessors were developed and introduced by American manufacturers. Motorola's own version—MC68000—is widely acknowledged to have the most versatile computer architectural structure. You'll find it in new kinds of products never before economically practical: machines and instruments that talk, listen and respond; automatic production equipment that manufactures with higher precision and greater productivity; small home computers as powerful as large business computers built only five years ago.

And as innovative as these products are, new generations of microprocessors continue to open the realms of what's possible. For instance, we have announced a 32-bit version of the MC68000 that is the world's first fully upwardly compatible version of an earlier 16-bit sister machine. But that is not the point.

The point is that innovation and imagination in this field, as in others, is American. It is from this solid innovation base that we must meet Japan's challenge. As competition for world markets becomes more intense, it's this good old Yankee ingenuity that will keep us out front.

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the Soviet Union is clearly ahead in others. But neither side can be certain about the consequences of a military engagement, even less so about the consequences of a quick preemption. Nor can either side count on effectively intimidating the other through the use of military power as a threat. It is crucial for the West to follow through on its commitment to maintain this rough military balance. But precisely because the relative historical position of the two sides is not to the West's disadvantage, the West should understand that it ought—and politically can afford—to try to structure the East-West relationship in a more constructive fashion.

This is all the more important when power in the Soviet Union is changing hands. We know from Soviet historical experience that such a change generates pressures for new policies. It should, therefore, be our goal to give the new Soviet leaders constructive options.

There is an obvious, indeed urgent, need to do so. World conditions as a whole are becoming more turbulent. American and Soviet power, with both sides now possessing global reach, is increasingly overlapping. The possibilities of conflict and friction are becoming more numerous. We do not yet know whether overlapping imperial power will result in a new Sarajevo or in a new Fashoda, but in the nuclear age either would be very dangerous.

AS THE STALIN ERA drew to a close, Winston Churchill urged the West to adopt a forthcoming and imaginative posture toward the Soviet Union. Addressing the House of Commons in May 1953, Churchill said:

> It would, I think, be a mistake to assume that nothing can be settled with Soviet Russia unless or until everything is settled. A settlement of two or three of our difficulties would be an important gain to every peace-loving country. For instance, peace in Korea, the conclusion of an Austrian treaty—these might lead to an easement in our relations for the next few years, which might in itself open new prospects for the security and prosperity of all nations on every continent. . . . It certainly would do no harm if, for a while, each side looked about for things to do which would be agreeable instead of being disagreeable to each other.

Churchill spoke at a time when East and West were spilling each other's blood in Korea, when Austria was still occupied by Soviet forces, and when brutal purge trials were taking place in Eastern Europe and the Soviet Union itself. Yet he had the vision to recognize a moment of opportunity. His words regarding Korea and Austria, two key issues of contention, were both prophetic and constructive.

There should be no illusions that the overall character of the East-West relationship can quickly be altered. The conflict is so deeply rooted—in history, geography, and philosophy—that it is sure to continue for generations to come. Yet that should not keep the West from recognizing that progress is possible—or at least thinkable—in the margins. Beyond the underlying causes of East-West hostility, four specific obstacles to détente have to be overcome if the deterioration in the relationship is not to worsen. These obstacles are Afghanistan, Poland, the Soviet nuclear buildup, and Soviet adventurism in the third world.

It need not be a foregone conclusion that movement on some or all of these issues cannot be generated. Quite the contrary: this is just the moment for the West to address the Soviet leaders with careful proposals designed to deal with these four matters in a way that does not entail one-sided sacrifices by the Soviet Union and yet contributes to greater stability in the East-West relationship. Given the historical stakes involved, surely the leadership of the West should be able to raise its sights beyond the immediate preoccupation with domestic economic problems, to shake off political lethargy, and to move beyond primitive and undiscriminating anti-Communism in order to seize what could be a major opportunity.

In Afghanistan, two years of Soviet military operations have resulted in little except bloodshed and suffering. This would be a good time to suggest to the Soviet leaders that the West would be prepared to join the Soviet Union and Afghanistan's neighbors in a comprehensive guarantee designed to re-establish Afghanistan's traditionally neutral status. Arrangements could be devised for the stationing in Afghanistan, at least on a temporary basis, of forces from various Moslem countries—some of which (Algeria, for example) have reasonably good relations with the Soviet Union—in order to make certain that internal developments in Afghanistan do not result in Afghanistan becoming, in Soviet eyes, a threatening outpost of Western political and military influence. Historical analogies are never exact, but it's worth noting that the Soviet Union, after protracted negotiations, did agree to withdraw from Austria, even though Austria was geographically outflanked by two NATO countries and was bound to gravitate toward Western Europe. The progressive resolution of the Afghanistan question would greatly reduce Western anxieties about the longer term strategic objectives of Soviet policy in Southwest Asia, and restoration of a neutral Afghanistan would give the Soviet Union the assurances it says it is seeking.

WITH REGARD to Poland, after more than a year of martial law, the time is surely ripe for the West to match its policy of limited sanctions with a constructive offer designed to make a return to relative normality and national reconciliation more feasible. A long-term program of economic development assistance, tied to some I.M.F. supervision and reinforced by a visibly demonstrated act of national reconciliation within Poland itself, would greatly enhance stability in Central Europe without directly threatening Soviet security interests. At the same time it would make the revival of East-West détente on both the European and the bilateral American-Soviet planes more possible. The fashioning of such an

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approach would do more for the American-European connection than the recently divisive debate over the pipeline.

With regard to the nuclear competition, some intermediate-range initiatives related to progress on Poland and other issues are needed. A significant cut in U.S. battlefield nuclear weapons in Central Europe, in return for a significant reduction in the total number of Soviet tanks deployed in East Germany, should be proposed. This should be done outside the existing Mutual Balanced Force Reductions negotiations, which are bogged down in detail. Tactical nuclear weapons stationed in Central Europe are designed in the main to offset the possibility of a strategic breakthrough by Soviet tank forces. A redeployment of a significant portion of the respective forces back to the United States and to the Soviet Union would enhance security on the central front while stimulating a more constructive atmosphere in the area of security and arms control negotiations.

With progress on Poland and with some thinning out of forces in Central Europe, it would then become possible to envisage follow-up discussions on some regional security arrangements. One such scheme might be a Nordic nuclear-free zone, spanning Denmark and Norway on the NATO side, Sweden and Finland as the in-between neutrals, and the Kola Peninsula and the Baltic Republics on the Soviet side. At the very best, this is a long-range prospect. But movement in that direction would be timely and constructive in the event of a positive Soviet interest in resolving some of the disagreements over Afghanistan and Poland.

FINALLY, in order to make détente truly reciprocal and comprehensive, we will need to engage in serious discussions with the Soviets aimed at defining and stabilizing the relationship. The fact of the matter is that in recent years there has been no strategic dialogue between the United States and the Soviet Union. We have negotiated from time to time on specifics, but we have not really engaged the Soviet leadership in any sustained exchange of views on wider issues, going beyond those being specifically negotiated.

It was this lack that led me to propose in 1977, and leads me to do so again today, that the United States invite the Soviet Union to adopt the practice of annual summit meetings between our respective heads of state. Infrequent summit meetings tend to generate excessive expectations. They tend to be preceded by laborious preparations, in order to give them at least the appearance of substantive significance. And given the volatile character of Western public opinion, they tend to contribute, paradoxically, to damaging swings from hysteria about cold war to euphoria about détente.

We need a more stable and rational approach. We need to talk to the Soviets in a regular, informal, businesslike fashion. We cannot expect each meeting to produce agreements, but, over time, at least some greater understanding of our respective positions is likely to evolve. Given the unstable conditions around the world, and the growing danger that regional crises could—through a suction effect—involve the United States and the Soviet Union in a direct clash, it is all the more important that we fashion a comprehensive strategy, designed to create the basis for the evolution of a more positive East-West relationship. An annual summit meeting could help greatly in developing a wider understanding between the East and the West, even in the context of a continuing historical competition.

There is little chance that the competition will someday yield a global Pax Sovietica. The Soviet Union simply lacks the assets required for sustained global predominance. It is too sterile, too unappealing, too uncreative to become a new Rome, or even, for a shorter imperial spasm, a new America. But Soviet military power, mindlessly applied for short-term tactical advantages, could greatly heighten the level of global danger.

AT FIRST SIGHT, what I propose may seem unattainable. But consider Mr. Andropov's dilemma. He surely knows that the Russian economy has been debilitated by the strains of the military competition. He knows that friction with the West has reduced the flow of badly needed Western technology. He knows that rising popular hostility in Eastern Europe requires intensifying efforts to maintain Soviet domination. He knows that a new arms race with America will leave the Soviets behind, just as the space rivalry ended with the American flag on the moon. Above all, he surely fears that sharper conflict could even eventually produce an encirclement of the Soviet Union, spanning America, Western Europe, China, and Japan—thereby bringing about precisely the same consequences that the expansive Imperial Germany of the pre-1914 years brought upon itself, even though its policymakers too feared just such an encirclement.

Today the East-West relationship is frozen and stalemated. It would be foolish to harbor the illusion that a comprehensive program of East-West accommodation can promptly be implemented. But the West can begin to define the terms of discussion. In an increasingly dangerous time, it behooves the West to place on the table a constructive negotiating agenda, while mobilizing the weight of international opinion on behalf of such a positive approach. In that same 1953 speech, Winston Churchill said:

> We all desire that the Russian people should take the high place in world affairs which is their due without feeling anxiety about their own security. I do not believe that the immense problem of reconciling the security of Russia with the freedom and safety of Western Europe is insoluble.

And, one might add to that in 1982, neither is the problem of reconciling the status of Russia as a world power with an increasingly cooperative yet genuinely pluralistic world system. Ultimately cooperation and pluralism are our values. We should do everything possible to make them thrive.

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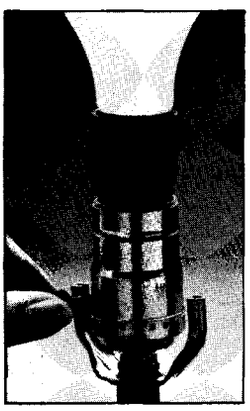

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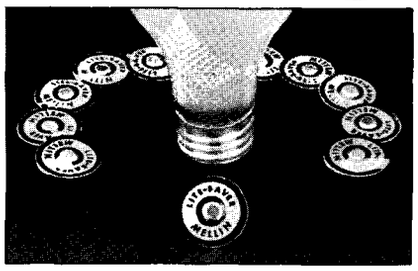

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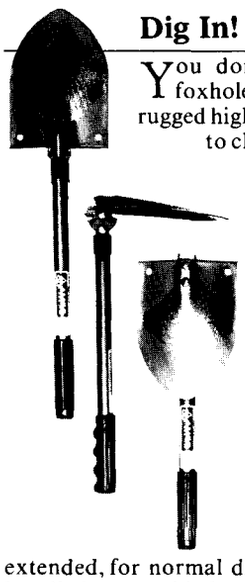
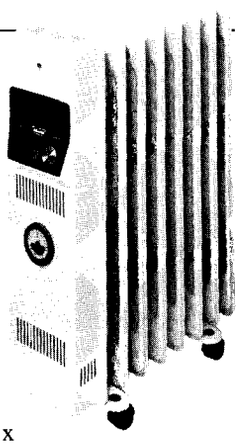


Dig In!

You don't need to be an infantryman digging foxholes under fire to appreciate the usefulness of a rugged highly portable folding shovel. We've used ours to chop away ice dams on the roof, to shovel cement into forms, to pry rocks out of the ground, and to dig the car out of a snowbank. It goes on camping trips, for digging firepits and trenching tents against rain. It goes to the garden, filling that inconvenient void between undersized hand trowels and full-sized shovels. In the winter it goes into the car, for coping with snow and ice. In the summer it goes to the beach, where the kids play with it for hours on end. In short, it gets more use than any other shovel around the house. The shovel is all-steel, weighs only 2 lbs, and is built to last for years. The blade locks in each of 3 positions: folded, for storage or travel; at 90°, for scraping or hoeing; fully extended, for normal digging. The blade is 8½″ x 6″ and the 18″ handle has a molded plastic handgrip. The folding shovel costs **$15.00** ($2.95) #A630.

Heat Where You Need It



Here is a heater with the sophistication to automatically start warming your bedroom or bathroom before you get up! The secret is the *built-in timer — it lets you program this portable heater to go on and off in 15 minute intervals day or night.* It's filled with a special diathermic oil that never needs replacing. It has three heat settings (600w, 900w and 1,500w) and provides a maximum of 5,100 BTUs. A built-in thermostat responds to room temperature, but this DeLonghi heater never gets dangerously hot, making it perfect for a child's bedroom or playroom. This unit has easy-roll wheels for portability and all-steel construction in a neutral oyster color. It's 18″ x 8″ x 25″, weighs 38 lbs. and is UL listed. *This model with automatic timer is not generally available in stores* and costs **$150.00** ($12.95) #A485.

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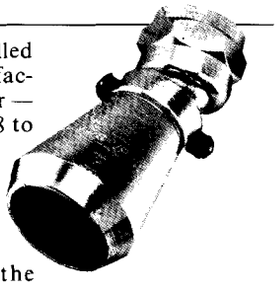
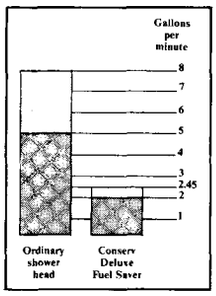
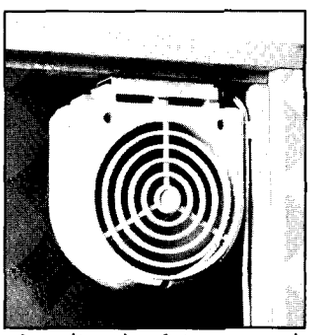
Savings In The Shower



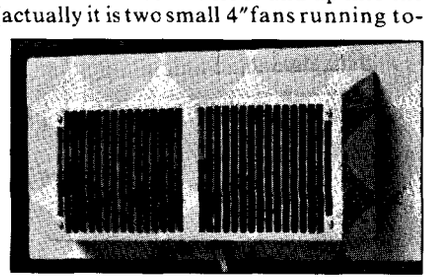
This finely crafted shower head called the Deluxe Fuel Saver and manufactured by Con-Serv, cuts the use of water — hot water — in the shower from 5 or 8 to 2.45 gallons per minute. With the conventional shower head, the average family of four uses 300 to 400 gallons of water — much of it heated — everyday. According to U.S. Department of Energy figures, with the Deluxe Fuel Saver that same family uses 70% less water in the shower and realizes a savings of between $150 and $350 depending on the utility rates. Although the amount of water is significantly reduced, it is aerated and accelerated — utilizing the Venturi principle — for an invigorating shower. The Deluxe Fuel Saver also offers a "trickle valve" that allows you to stop water flow while soaping up. Made of chrome-plated solid brass, the Deluxe Fuel Saver is accompanied by a one-year limited warranty. It installs easily over the standard ½" shower arm with pliers or a wrench — no plumber is needed. We offer the Con-Serv Deluxe Fuel Saver for **$16.00** ($2.95) #A351.



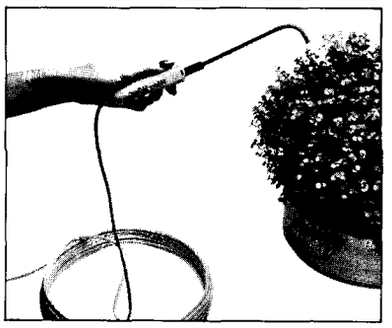
Improve Your Circulation



Good air circulation throughout your home means increased comfort, heating efficiency and uniform temperature. But every home has its problems, whether it's high ceilings, unusually large rooms or later additions. Here are two excellent ways to help *direct* the air and *balance* the temperature. The **room-to-room temperature balancing fan** (shown at left) mounts high in the frame of a doorway (doors can still be closed) where it recirculates warm air down into the room. The ConServ fan has a 110 volt motor with a 10 foot cord and an in-line switch. It weighs just 2 lb. 3 oz. and measures 5½" x 5" x 3½". **$28.00** ($3.95) #A397. The **register fan** (shown below) fits right in the register outlet, sucks heat up the duct and pushes it out into the room. A heat sensor in the switch turns the fan on automatically as the heat comes up (there is also a manual control, which means you can use it in the summer to move the cool air off the floor and up into the room). The booster fan (actually it is two small 4" fans running together) fits all registers up to 6" x 14" and plugs into any electrical outlet. It comes with 9' of cord and costs **$40.00** ($3.95) #A536. We also offer the room-to-room fan and the register fan as a set for **$60.00** ($6.95) #A667.



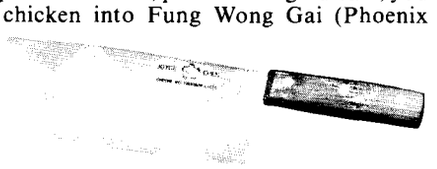
Watering Whiz



Do your houseplants run you ragged, back and forth, trip after trip, watering can in hand? There *is* an easier way: with an indoor garden hose you can water them all in a single trip. Think of the steps waiting to be saved! This 50' (that is a *lot* of reach) vinyl hose readily attaches to any household faucet. From there you just take the water where you want it — an easy-control handle allows you to turn a splashless stream of water on and off as needed. This indoor hose comes with a snap-in misting attachment, so after you water the roots you can spray the foliage and wash away the dust accumulation that impairs a plant's health as well as its beauty. The complete indoor garden hose kit costs just **$11.00** ($1.95) #A341. It will make your watering almost as simple as turning on the faucet.

Scissors And Slice

Joyce Chen has built an outstanding reputation for Chinese kitchenware that is beautifully designed and expertly made of best quality materials. The Chen scissors and knife will quickly become a mainstay of your kitchen even if you never serve a Chinese dish. The large handles and short blades of the scissors give great leverage and pinpoint control, fit right or lefthanded persons equally well, and are plenty strong enough to cut through small bones, shells and the like. The Chinese knife (often mistakenly called a cleaver) is a marvelously well-balanced implement whose weight does most of the work for you, whether chopping, slicing, shredding, mincing, crushing or even filleting. The knife blade is made of chrome molybdenum steel with a hardwood handle riveted to a full tang. The scissor blades are chrome finished high carbon tool steel with flexible plastic handles. With these implements alone, plus a few ingredients, you can turn a plain old chicken into Fung Wong Gai (Phoenix Emperor Chicken). The Joyce Chen scissors cost **$13.00** ($1.95) #A411. The Chinese knife is **$27.00** ($2.95) #A410.



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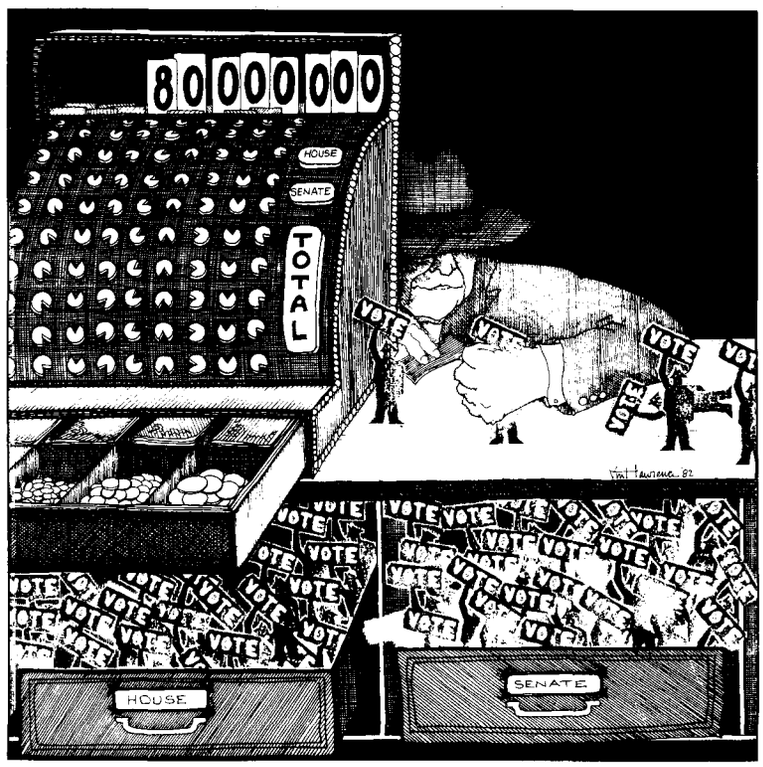
On the Hill, all the votes money can buy.

POLITICAL PAC-MAN

BY MARK GREEN

"I'M SCARED," says Representative Barber Conable, the eight-term Republican from upstate New York. "I'm scared," he softly repeats, anxiously pacing around his high-ceilinged office in the Cannon House Office Building. "These new PACs not only buy incumbents, but affect legislation. It's the same crummy business as judges putting the arm on lawyers who appear before them to finance their next campaign."

James Shannon, a 30-year-old Massachusetts Democrat and member of the Ways and Means Committee, has his office down the hall. "During the tax bill," he says, "lobbyists asked me to help their cause because 'it will be good for the party,' which meant that business PACs would contribute money to the Democratic Party if Democrats cooperated. One lobbyist who saw me in my office said of a client, 'He makes good PAC contributions to the party.' At this point I exploded, saying, 'I'm tired of hearing appeals based on money.' And you know what he said? 'You think I like this any more than you do?' "



DRAWING BY VINT LAWRENCE FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

The most absorbing topic of conversation in Congress these days is the rise of Political Action Committees. PACs are groups of like-minded people with an internal means of communication—corporations, trade associations, labor unions, interest groups—who raise funds to give to Congressional candidates. In a kind of financial arms race, candidates from both parties aggressively solicit funds from PACs—who in turn solicit votes from members of Congress. It is this link between PAC contributions *to* candidates and PAC lobbying *of* Congressmen that has led people like California Representative Leon Panetta to charge that "Congress is literally being bought and sold by PAC contributions." Yet an annoyed Bernadette Budde, for twelve years with the Business Industry PAC, heatedly disagrees. She expressed the widely held view of PAC managers: "No one has ever shown me one body—not one—who has sold his vote for a contribution."

Admissions of vote-buying, which is a felony, are usually as rare as cherry blossoms in November. But for the first time, members of Congress are talking in interviews about specific (if often anonymous) instances when a colleague admitted that a PAC gift procured a vote, or tried to:

—In the mid-1970s, a labor union that gave Panetta a $1,500 contribution asked for support of pending "cargo preference legislation." When Panetta asked about the substance of the bill, he was told, "I don't have to tell you anything substantively—we gave you money. We support the bill, and we expect you to." Panetta kicked the lobbyist out of his office, and voted no.

—Republican Representative Claudine Schneider of Rhode Island recently tried to persuade a Republican

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Mark Green is the president of the Democracy Project, a progressive policy institute. He is the author of *Winning Back America* (Bantam) and of the fourth edition of *Who Runs Congress?* (Dell), to be published next year. Mr. Green would like to thank Michael Waldman for his research assistance on this article.

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colleague to oppose more funding for the Clinch River Breeder Reactor. He declined, explaining, "Yes, but Westinghouse is a big contributor of mine."

—Another Republican Representative, Jim Leach of Iowa, tells how he once suggested to an urban Democrat with no dairy constituency that it would be wisest for him to oppose a dairy price support measure, and was told, "Yeah, but their PAC gave me money. I have to support them."

—Also according to Leach, "Bill Moyers [of CBS] told me that he had three signed affadavits indicating that if enough members of one political party supported the Alaska Gas Pipeline project, that party's Congressional campaign treasury would be well rewarded in the 1982 elections. It was no accident that many so-called [Congressional] consumer activists cast silent votes in favor of legislation which represents what one member described as the biggest rip-off in history."

—A New York Democrat admitted that he voted for the Alaska Gas Pipeline, even though he opposed it on the merits, because "I didn't want the construction unions contributing to my opponent."

—According to one PAC manager, a certain liberal Democratic Representative, unsure how to vote on the recent Reagan tax increase, was told by a business PAC that if he supported the bill, "the slate would be wiped clean" between them. The Democrat voted for the bill, for reasons having nothing to do with the business lobby. Yet when the PAC sent him a $500 check, he angrily returned it, telling the PAC manager, "It was like leaving a 20¢ tip." The PAC then doubled the contribution, which the Congressman accepted.

—When Representative Dan Glickman of Kansas asked a colleague earlier this year to join him in opposing a measure that would forbid the F.T.C. regulating auto dealers, he was told, "I'm committed. I got a $10,000 check from the National Automobile Dealers Association. I can't change my vote now." (In a separate incident, the Iowa Beef PAC began a letter asking for Glickman's support on a bill by noting, "As we trust you will recall, the Political Action Committee of Iowa Beef Processors, Inc., has heretofore supported your candidacy. . . ." Glickman sent back their $250, and then voted for the measure, as he had originally intended to.)

—A drug industry lobbyist this year told an aide to Democratic Representative Barney Frank of Massachusetts that if Frank could co-sponsor an industry-sponsored Drug Patent Act, the lobbyist would come to Frank's first fund-raiser in Washington, D.C. Frank's response: "Tell him to go fuck himself."

—Retiring Representative Millicent Fenwick recalls, "I wasn't down here but two months [in 1974], at a dinner for Alvin Toffler, when I sat down next to a reformer in Congress and asked if he'd be overriding a President Ford veto. He said, 'Are you kidding? I took $58,000 from labor and they want it.' "

—Representative Mike Synar, Democrat of Oklahoma, says, "I go out on the floor and say to a member, 'I need your help on this bill,' and often he will say, 'I can't do that, I got $5,000 from a special interest.' So I no longer lobby Congressmen. I lobby the lobbyists to lobby the Congressmen."

Are these admitted incidents of PAC influence typical or aberrational? According to studies by Public Citizen's Congress Watch and Common Cause, PAC contributions invariably correlate with legislative results. When specific economic interests invest substantial amounts in many members before key votes, the dividends roll in.

CONSIDER the Federal Trade Commission, an agency over which Congress exercises a rule-by-rule legislative veto. The House this year voted 286 to 133 to overturn an F.T.C. rule regulating auto dealers. Of 27 members of the Energy and Commerce Committee, 26 got contributions totaling $84,000 from the National Auto Dealers Association—and all but one voted against the F.T.C. Of all members receiving contributions, 85 percent supported the auto dealers; of those *not* receiving funds, only 39 percent supported them. Similarly, out of 219 co-sponsors of an effort to deny F.T.C. jurisdiction over the medical and dental professions, 213 received contributions averaging $7,498 each from the American Medical Association PAC and the American Dental Association PAC.

Beyond the F.T.C., there are many examples of the PAC-vote link. In 1981 Representatives who voted for higher dairy price supports received ten times more money from three large dairy PACs than those who voted against the supports. In the two months before a crucial July 1981 vote in the Ways and Means Committee affecting commodities traders, commodity industry PACs gave contributions to 22 members of the panel. They voted 19 to 3 for the commodities tax break; the rest of the committee voted 8 to 5 against. Of the 58 Representatives receiving over $2,500 from oil and gas PACs in 1978, 55, or 95 percent, favored the industry-sponsored amendment on the windfall profits tax.

PAC managers deny that their purpose is to buy votes. "We feel a $5,000 contribution in no way can be construed as an influence on a candidate," says Frank McCarthy of the National Automobile Dealers Association, which contributed over $1 million to candidates in two-thirds of all federal races this year. "My own strong personal opinion is we haven't changed one vote." Other PAC managers add that PACs on both sides of issues often cancel themselves out, and that money rewards past votes but doesn't buy future ones. In response to the argument that PACs cancel each other out, Senator Bob Dole of Kansas remarked, "Poor people don't make campaign contributions. You might get a different result if there were a PoorPAC up here." And on an array of economic issues, such as those involving used cars, oil and gas, dairy price supports, housing, maritime and trucking policy, funeral homes, and antitrust exemptions, specific economic interests have PACs while the consuming public does not.

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To Jay Angoff, an attorney at Public Citizen's Congress Watch, "whether a member votes for legislation . . . because he has received some money from [a certain] group, or receives money because he has voted for legislation sought by that group, it makes no difference to the consumer. Either way, people continue to get elected who vote to further the interests of the business lobbies that contribute to their campaign." Wisconsin Democrat Les Aspin laughed out loud at the contention that PACs don't sway votes but merely reward previous help. "What you are talking about here is changing votes at the margin. Of course, there are certain issues where people are going to vote for something, no matter what. But then there are undecided votes at the margin that can be tipped by PACs. Also, there are various degrees of being for a bill—co-sponsoring it, or fighting for it in committee, in debate, on the floor, or in a leadership role on the floor. PAC funds can determine a member's intensity as well as position." And Justin Dart, the chairman of Dart Industries and a close friend of the President, has said: "Talking to politicians is fine, but with a little money they hear you better."

Next to home computers and video games, PACs are the biggest growth industry in America. There were 600 of them in 1974, and 3,479 at last count in June 1982. They come in all sizes, shapes, and names—so long as the suffix is PAC. There's the Dr. Pepper PAC, Bake PAC, American Motorcyclist PAC, Snack PAC, Sierra Club PAC, PeacePAC, the American Tax Reduction PAC, and the Brewers' SixPAC—not to mention the more well known corporate, labor, and trade PACs.

ECONOMIC INTERESTS have been contributing significantly to Congressional campaigns for decades. Robert Caro's new biography of L.B.J., *The Years of Lyndon Johnson* (Knopf) describes in colorful detail how the young Congressman successfully wooed Southwest oilmen in the 1940s. But today's PAC phenomenon dwarfs past special-interest giving. PACs gave $8.5 million to Congressional candidates in the 1972 election cycle, $12.5 million in 1974, $35 million in 1978, and $55 million in 1980. F.E.C. data indicate that all PAC giving is running about 50 percent ahead of the record race of 1979-1980, and will likely exceed $80 million, a ten-fold increase in one decade. Corporate PACs have enjoyed the greatest growth of all, nearly doubling their contributions in only one election cycle—from $9.8 million in 1978 to $19.2 million in 1980. By 1982 business PACs generally (corporate and trade associations) were out-spending labor union PACs nearly 3 to 1. And there is plenty of room for growth: 40 percent of *Fortune*'s 500 largest industrial corporations have not yet even established a PAC.

Individual business PAC giving indicates their exponential progression. The Realtors PAC gave $6,700 in 1970, $1.6 million in 1979-1980, and was budgeted for $2.5 million this election. Oil and gas PACs doubled their giving from 1977-1978 to 1979-1980, and their $7 million this election exceeds what the Democratic National Committee raised for all its candidates. Then there's the Builders' PAC. Spending $38,000 in 1977-1978 and $600,000 in 1979-1980, it expects to give $2 million this time around, and, says spokesman Pat Collins, $4 million next time.

This proliferation won't slow down soon, since every lobbying group feels the need to keep pace in the PAC race. Woe to the bowling alley without Pac-Man, or the lobby group without PAC-men. Announcing Wheat PAC, for example, Carl Schwensen, executive vice president of the National Wheat Growers Association, said, "Wheat growers are aware of the trend toward more and larger political action committees. That is now a part of the political scene." And for any economic interests still unsophisticated in the ways of Washington, there is Washington lobbyist Robert McCandless, who has said, "I won't even take a client now unless he's willing to set up a political action committee and participate in the [campaign contribution] process."

DESPITE their large number and variety, PACs usually have several things in common. First, they like winners, which means they like incumbents, who have won 94 percent of the time in recent House elections. So two-thirds of their funds go to incumbents, and the rest to challengers and candidates for "open seats."

Second, PACs like committee chairmen and the "money" committees (Ways and Means, House Appropriations, Senate Finance, Senate Appropriations) for reasons Willie Sutton once famously explained. And since "Congress in its committee rooms is Congress at work," as a young scholar named Woodrow Wilson wrote nearly a century ago, it makes sense for business PACs to help out those in the best position to benefit their constituencies. Representative Al Gore of Tennessee calls these gifts "smart bombs." Hence, the chairmen of the House and Senate Banking Committees recently received contributions from 36 and 35 financial PACs respectively; the chairmen of the House and Senate Energy Committees got funds from 34 and 37 energy PACs respectively; and 18 of 20 members of the Senate Finance Committee received $300,000 from chemical industry PACs before a key committee vote on Superfund legislation.

Third, PACs like each other. Those of similar inclination pool information on which races are hopeless and which are hopeful. The U.S. Chamber of Commerce, for example, held a pre-election "teleconference" where some two hundred PAC managers heard regional reports about important races. So a long-shot candidate may find himself or herself PAC-less, while a credible challenger, or better yet a committee chairman, gets support from dozens of PACs he's never heard of. Some PACs, like BIPAC (Business Industry Political Action Committee), are "pricing leaders"—a kind of credit survey whose ratings can make or break a candidacy by their imitated blessing.

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Wisconsin Democrat David Obey explains how the problem is not just the $5,000 or $10,000 contribution, but PACs that travel in packs. "When a large number of groups which have made substantial contributions to members are all lobbying on the same side of an issue, the pressure generated from these aggregate contributions is enormous and warps the process. It is as if they made a single, extremely large contribution."

In at least one way, however, PACs differ radically. Labor PACs prefer Democrats by a 13 to 1 margin, while business PACs give two-thirds of their funds to Republicans, usually conservative Republicans. It was not always so. When Democrats formed an overwhelming majority in Congress, business PACs chose incumbency over philosophy and split their gifts evenly between the parties, an even-handedness that infuriated ideological conservatives. "We found that our 'friends,' the *Fortune* 500, were, playing both sides," complained Nevada Senator Paul Laxalt in 1978. "When you push water for them as long as we have, that's a little hard to swallow." Ronald Reagan, then a private citizen, told a conference of corporate public affairs officers that year, "I don't think the Republican Party has received the kind of financial support from corporate PACs that its record deserves. Why does half the business PAC money go to candidates who may not be friends of business?"

Soon thereafter, business PACs began showing a pronounced Republican tilt. In the last few weeks of the 1978 campaign, 71 percent of their funds went to Republicans. Of the Chamber of Commerce's 99 "opportunity races" recommended for business contributions this year, for example, the Republican was preferred in 98. In 1982 Senate races with a Republican incumbent, business PACs favored the incumbent by 56 to 1.

So although labor PAC spending rose in 1982, and although liberal issue groups are now giving PAC contributions (NOW, National Abortion Rights Action League, Sierra Club, Friends of the Earth, Human Rights Campaign Fund), the future of PAC gifts will be overwhelmingly written on business checks to Republicans. And as they swell, the role of the small individual donor correspondingly declines.

UNLESS A CANDIDATE is personally wealthy, it is hard to reject PAC money. This causes some wear and tear on candidates with consciences—not because PAC money invariably buys votes, but because it's human nature for anyone, members of Congress included, to want to help those who help you. Richard Bolling of Missouri, the brainy House veteran retiring this year after 17 terms, says, "If you had two phone calls at once, and your secretary said one was a constituent, the other a PAC that gave you $10,000 last election, which phone would you pick up?" Barney Frank sees the matter in simple behavioral terms: "We are the only human beings in the world who are expected to take thousands of dollars from perfect strangers on important matters and not be affected by it."

Adding insult to injury is the way candidates have to seek PAC funds. Many business PACs require a candidate either to submit to a personal interview or answer a questionnaire, and it doesn't take a genius to calculate the cost of a wrong answer. When the National Education Association asks, "Please explain your position on the following: a.) Tax credits for tuition paid to private . . . schools," it's what one Republican Senator in an interview called "the $10,000 question," which he answered incorrectly. Randall Moorhead, of the Realtors PAC survey, says, "Sometimes candidates call me and plead with me to give them the correct answers so they can fill out the questionnaire to our satisfaction."

Consequently, many candidates surrender to the temptation to pander to PAC prejudices. Even a moderate, thoughtful Republican like New York's Benjamin Gilman, who was redistricted into a successful race with his Democratic colleague Peter Peyser, wrote to PACs saying, "I am fighting for my political life against an ultra-liberal Democratic Congressman. . . . Can I count on you for commitment to the free enterprise system, to America, and to my reelection?" Kent Jones, who lost to Democratic Representative Byron Dorgan in North Dakota, wrote to the pharmacists' PAC: "The opponent is best known for his vigorous efforts to win substantial tax settlements against large corporations and has capitalized on the image of being a 'champion of the people,' fighting 'Big Business'. . . . " Then there was Republican John Beuchner, challenging Tim Wirth in Colorado, whose standard solicitation letter left little to the imagination. After asking for funds, he concluded, "What do you stand to gain? You stand to gain my support of pro-business legislation once I am elected."

THIS PROCESS has offended at least fourteen members to the point that they refuse to take any PAC money or accept only limited amounts. These include Senators Proxmire and Boren, and Representatives Archer, Bafalis, Bingham, Conable, Fenwick, Gradison, Jacobs, Leach, Natcher, Pritchard, Synar, and Whitten. (Proxmire accepts no contributions at all, spending under $200 of his own money for everything.) Some of these members lack serious races and some can help fund their own campaigns—but a few have run the risk of losing their seats. Millicent Fenwick continued to refuse PAC funds this year, despite having a wealthy opponent in her New Jersey Senate race. And Andy Jacobs still refused PAC funds even after redistricting forced him into a primary with another Indiana Democrat this year. Jacobs, who first won in 1964 but tasted defeat in 1972 before returning in 1974, was outspent two to one—yet he won.

Jacob's epiphany on PACs came in the summer of 1976. "A lobbyist whose organization contributed to my 1974 campaign approached me after I cast a vote on the Ways and Means Committee and literally began twisting my arm—a post-vote twist," Jacobs recalls. "I believe I said something along the lines of 'Take your hand

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New laws and standards go a long way toward making sure that firms that produce, move, store, or dispose of dangerous substances do so with care. Government tests and inspections are meant to assure compliance and minimize risk. Concerned industries have developed new technology and methods for safe waste disposal. But with materials this potentially dangerous, the best of care may not prevent every accident.

Although any accident with hazardous substances is bad news, some accidents are worse than others. And more insidious. Sudden spills and fires are quickly found and remedies quickly applied. Liability insurance for those accidents has been available for some time. But the material we're talking

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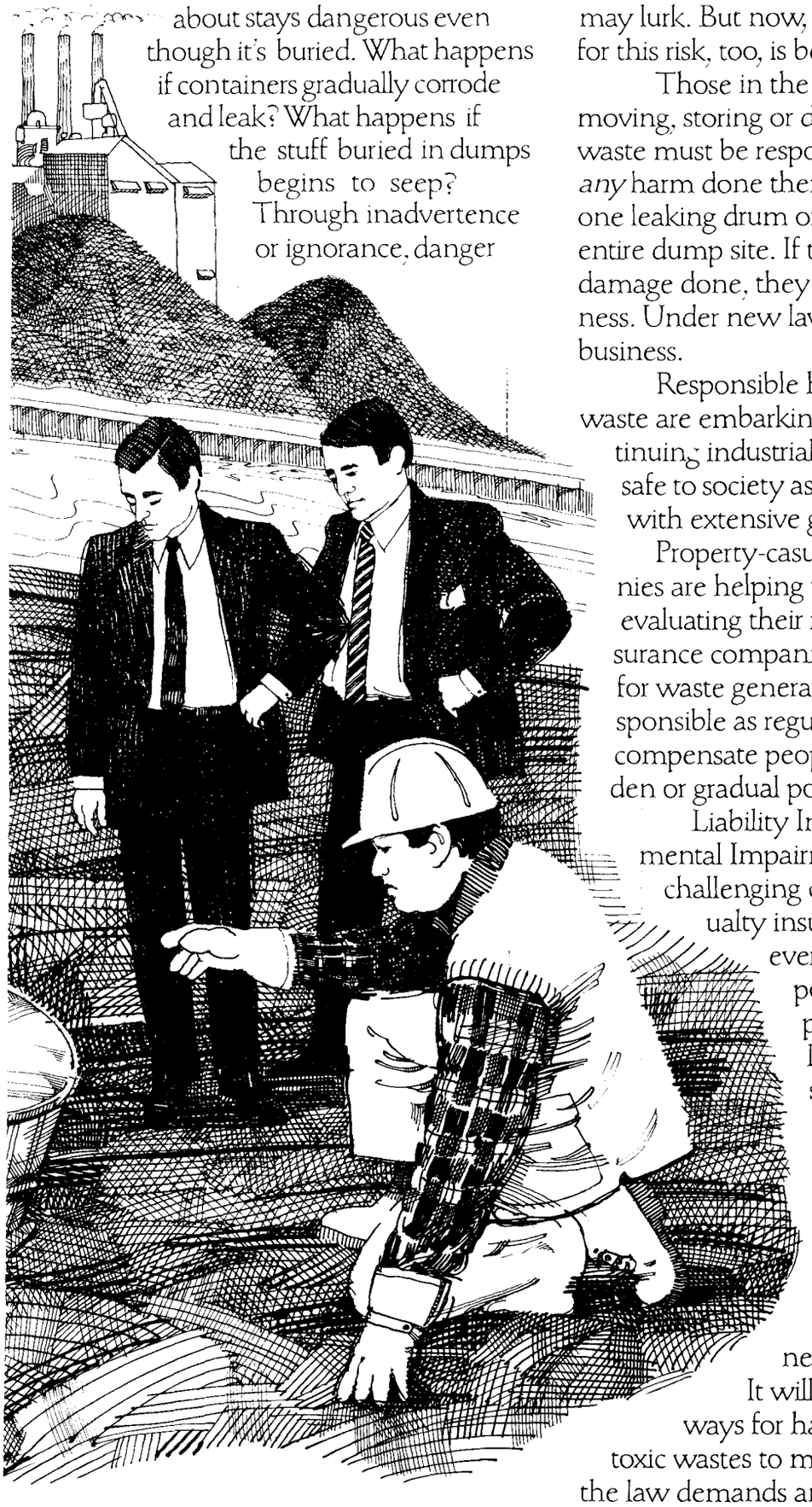

about stays dangerous even though it's buried. What happens if containers gradually corrode and leak? What happens if the stuff buried in dumps begins to seep? Through inadvertence or ignorance, danger may lurk. But now, liability insurance for this risk, too, is becoming available.

Those in the business of producing, moving, storing or disposing of dangerous waste must be responsible to the public for *any* harm done them—sudden or gradual—one leaking drum or the slow leaking of an entire dump site. If they can't pay for the damage done, they shouldn't be in the business. Under new law, they *can't* be in the business.

Responsible handlers of hazardous waste are embarking on a difficult path—continuing industrial activity in a manner as safe to society as possible and in compliance with extensive governmental regulation.

Property-casualty insurance companies are helping those waste generators by evaluating their risk potential. And now, insurance companies have devised a way for waste generators to be financially responsible as regulations require, able to compensate people harmed by either sudden or gradual pollution.

Liability Insurance for Environmental Impairment is one of the most challenging coverages property-casualty insurance companies have ever been asked to provide. The potential for loss to both people and property is large and little known. But if proper safety standards are issued and enforced by either federal or state government, and if insurance companies are allowed to administer the coverage with some sense of certainty, this new insurance can do a job.

It will be one of the best ways for handlers and disposers of toxic wastes to meet the responsibility that the law demands and the public deserves.

We're working to keep insurance affordable.

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off this suit, creep,' and decided never to accept a contribution from anyone having a special interest in national legislation."

Jacobs recalls something important his father, who was a one-term Congressman, once said: "All this country needs is more members of Congress that would be willing to lose." What it has instead is a process where, Jacobs says, "campaign contributions are not terribly different from a bribe. The only reason it's not bribery is because Congress defines what bribery is."

IF MEMBERS OF CONGRESS today don't like the PAC process, they have no one to blame but themselves. The 1971 and 1974 campaign finance acts, the latter largely inspired by Watergate, do contain many reforms that improve the way we elect federal officials—for example, the limits of $1,000 and $5,000, respectively, on individual and PAC giving per candidate per election; the public financing of Presidential campaigns; the creation of a public reporting system and a Federal Elections Commission. But it was a largely unheralded and now forgotten amendment that gave birth to the modern PAC movement, an amendment that now threatens to subsume all else these acts attempt.

Ever since 1940, Section 611 of the U.S. Code had prohibited corporations with government contracts from creating PACs; and since most large corporations had important federal contracts, most of them didn't have PACs. When TRW, Inc., tried to create one in 1972, Common Cause sued and forced the firm, which had government contracts, to end it.

But Common Cause found itself with a Pyhrric victory. Fred Wertheimer, now president of Common Cause, recalls, "Labor was concerned that this rule might jeopardize COPE [the AFL-CIO's Committee on Political Education], since their manpower training contracts could be considered 'government contracts' under Section 611." So labor and business closed ranks to lobby for an amendment to end the restriction. "This was war," Wertheimer says. "The stakes could not have been higher. The fight left hard feelings." On one side were Senator Proxmire, Senator Robert Stafford of Vermont, Common Cause, and substantial editorial opinion. (*The Washington Post* called the amendment "another loophole to more corruption in American politics"). On the other side were the U.S. Chamber of Commerce, the National Association of Manufacturers, and the AFL-CIO, all eager to continue or establish PACs.

The result was that on July 27, 1973, the Senate voted 51 to 38 to eliminate Section 611, which the House had already done. As the *Congressional Quarterly* reported at the time, "In an unusual coalition, conservative Republicans with business ties and liberal Democrats loyal to labor teamed up" to close the law.

Among those supporting the repeal were Senators Kennedy, Mondale, and Cranston, who today decry the rise of special-interest PACs and whose votes that day helped burst the dam holding back the surge of business PAC money in federal elections. With Section 611 out of the way, labor PACs grew 75 percent in the next nine years, and business PACs 1,750 percent, a ratio of 1 to 23. If the labor movement has suffered a worse self-inflicted political wound, it does not come readily to mind.

There is little if any talk in Congress now about changing the rules of the campaign finance game in the 98th Congress. At the same time, many members believe both that change will require a scandal and that, in the words of Representative Tim Wirth, "PACs are a scandal waiting to happen." People ranging from Fred Wertheimer to Kevin Phillips, conservative author and commentator, predict a public backlash to PAC expenditures if present trends continue—trends such as the tripling of campaign expenditures in ten years, the doubling of corporate PAC spending in two, and the growing share of campaign fund-raising accounted for by PACs: Ed Roeder's newly published *PACs Americana* calculates that PACs accounted for an average of 43 percent of the campaign treasuries of incumbents in the past Congress. Already in a recent Roper poll, the public thought that PACs were undesirable by a margin of 2.5 to 1.

If there is to be reform, what form might it take? There is a menu of alternatives available for the next generation of Congressional action:

—*Free TV and radio.* In a report released in September, the Democracy Project detailed a "Voter Access Plan" to provide minimal guaranteed TV and radio time to all Congressional candidates in general elections at a cost of $21 million, or a dime per citizen, with funds raised by the same voluntary tax check-off that supports Presidential campaign funding. (For urban areas where there are many Congressional districts in one media market, a qualified candidate would have the option of "cashing in" the air time for an equivalent mailing.) Great Britain, France, West Germany, and Sweden, among other countries, routinely provide some free air time to candidates. Because this approach is inexpensive, involves voluntary taxpayer funding, and does not require more federal bureaucracy, it has the potential to attract bipartisan support and become the next major reform vehicle in Congress.

—*A PAC cap per candidate.* The Obey-Railsback bill of the 97th Congress sought to limit the amount a House candidate could accept from all PACs to $70,000 per election cycle and to reduce the allowable PAC contribution from $5,000 and $5,000 (primary and general) to $3,000 and $3,000. Nearly 200 candidates got more than $70,000 from PACs in 1980. Supporter Jim Leach calls it "a kind of domestic SALT agreement between big business and big labor, an agreement which is likely to be disliked by each." A version of it passed the House 217 to 198 in 1979, but was not acted on by the Senate.

—*Public financing.* First proposed by Teddy Roosevelt in 1907, public financing would assume some campaign costs, relieving part of the pressure on candidates to take special interest gifts. A version that passed the Senate and failed by 17 votes in the House in 1978 would have

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provided some $70,000 to general election candidates and put a cap of $180,000 on expenditures. Supporters argue that public financing has worked to clean up Presidential campaigns—so why not Congressional campaigns? Critics attack a system where taxpayers are forced to foot the bill for candidates they oppose, a complaint that recalls an exchange Republican Governor Goodwin Knight once had with Gracie Allen on the old Burns and Allen TV show. "Governor, do the Democrats have to pay part of your salary and office expenses?" "Why yes, Gracie." "Well, Governor, is that fair?" The most current public financing measure is the "Clean Campaign Act of 1982," introduced in October by Representative Obey. It would provide matching funds up to $90,000 for gifts of $100 or under and would impose an expenditure ceiling of $180,000. Although most Congressional observers have regarded the 1978 vote as public financing's high water mark, a recent *Business Week* editorial in support of public financing may indicate the start of a rising tide.

—*A tax credit.* At present $50 of the first $100 contributed to Congressional candidates is tax deductible, which helps only those wealthy enough to itemize. Instead, if all taxpayers were entitled to a tax *credit* of, say, $25, then thousands of individual citizens would contribute to favored candidates, since there is no cost to them. Although this approach is a form of public financing, since there is a consequent revenue loss, it has political appeal because it involves small subsidies to many small contributors rather than a large subsidy to a particular candidate. It is a "democratic" way of funding the campaigns of candidates who lack the wealth of Lewis Lehrman or the BUILD PAC.

—*Discounted TV/radio and mail.* Candidates can now buy time on the electronic media at the "lowest unit charge" for commercial advertisers. Instead, the rates should be further discounted so stations don't lose money, but don't profit, either—a mild precondition, imposed every other October, for the granting of a lucrative public license. Similarly, just as nonprofit groups and political parties mail at reduced rates, so too should general election candidates be able to mail to their constituents at less than 20 cents a letter.

—*Abolish PACs.* At one time or another in the past few years, Senators Lawton Chiles, Sam Nunn, and Adlai Stevenson III, and Representatives Leach, Wirth, Fenwick, Erlenborn, and Jack Kemp have all advocated the PACs be abolished, and that only individual giving be permitted. No such measure has ever been favorably acted on by a Congressional committee; if the power of PACs is as great as is thought, it is doubtful it ever will be. Also, the Supreme Court decision permitting corporate contributions to state referenda in *First National Bank of Boston* v. *Bellotti* (1978) would put a substantial burden on those who want to prohibit PACs altogether.

—*A constitutional amendment.* Before they retire from Congress this year, Representatives Henry Reuss and Jonathan Bingham will introduce resolutions for a constitutional amendment to overturn *Buckley* v. *Valeo* in order to limit how much a wealthy candidate can spend of his own money (the Lehrman phenomenon). Though such limits are desirable, this approach would absorb an extraordinary amount of scarce resources to solve a secondary concern—the prime one being PAC gifts with strings attached.

For those officials on the prowl for "new ideas," these approaches can suggest the substance, tactics, and strategy for successful PAC reform legislation. Substantively, a package of three complementary reforms has the best prospect of passage and impact: TV and radio time for general election candidates, a PAC cap per candidate, and tax credits to encourage small donors. Tactically, short of attaching these reforms to a debt-ceiling bill, the preferable legislative vehicle would be legislation affecting an array of Congressional-money matters, electoral and political. Such an overall measure might also increase the limits on individual contributions, indexing them to inflation, and increase Congressional pay, indexing it as well to some appropriate standard. These less desirable provisions might be needed to attract needed bipartisan support—and would be worth the benefit of slowing the PAC race in America.

STRATEGICALLY, reformers might want to try to use the system against itself by creating their own independent bipartisan PAC—say, "A PAC to End All PACs"—in order to raise and spend funds for *positive* advertisements on behalf of candidates who support the reform package. Eventually, however, genuine change will depend on two major political preconditions. First, the volume of PAC giving and examples of money influencing votes must continue to grow exponentially—which is likely. Second, a Democratic Presidential candidate must make "stopping the special interest state" one of his campaign themes and then, once elected, must invest political capital in an effort to secure passage—which is problematical.

The public would surely be receptive. Already people are wondering why we had national elections in 1982 that cost $300 million, while the British held theirs in 1979 for $3 million—and why we're the only country on the planet considering itself a democracy that requires its candidates for federal office to raise a half-million dollars from people with specific economic interests in legislation. This process is a triple threat: it balkanizes the Congress so as to frustrate legislative majorities on behalf of PAC-less public interests; it discourages able citizens of modest means from running for federal office —the "silent casualties . . . defeated before they start" in Judge J. Skelly Wright's words; and it tempts most elected officials to genuflect to outside advocates with more money than merit. For in Washington today, Pac-Man is not a video game for kids. It is a cynical business affecting the behavior of adults who govern us, and it takes, not quarters, but $5,000 checks to play. This is not a game that democracy can win.

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STANLEY KAUFFMANN ON FILMS

The Man Who Could Not Lose

Bernard Shaw's *Androcles and the Lion,* his play about early Christians under the Romans, has his customary extensive preface, the first section of which is headed "Why Not Give Christianity a Trial?" In that section he says: "I am ready to admit that after contemplating the world and human nature for nearly sixty years, I see no way out of the world's misery but the way which would have been found by Christ's will if he had undertaken the work of a modern practical statesman." It's unlikely that Shaw had heard of Mohandas Gandhi at the time he wrote the preface, 1915, and it was another sixteen years before the two men met in London, but I've often wondered whether, in the intervening years or after, Shaw ever thought of Gandhi in connection with that line.

Gandhi
(Columbia Pictures)

Richard Attenborough has now made a film about Gandhi, the one man in world history who has often been compared with Christ and who also undertook much of the work of a statesman. From before the film's beginning, it ran a peculiar risk. The moment I read about the project—and I'm sure this was true for many others—I knew more or less what the film would be. The only question was whether it would be more or less. "Less" is the pleasant answer: that is, *Gandhi* is somewhat less predictable than expected. Attenborough has done virtually all that sincerity, dedication, and professional competence could do. He is not a first-class director, but no first-class director would touch the subject of Gandhi. Good art filters experience, which includes historical knowledge, through the persona of the artist, and no such filtering is wanted, is likely to be tolerable, with the Gandhi story. All that's wanted is the chronicle, done as faithfully and credibly and compactly as possible. I wouldn't want to see Bergman's or Bresson's film about Gandhi, not even Satyajit Ray's. Attenborough was the man for the job, especially since he has striven to realize the project for twenty years.

He gives us a prefatory note, warning us that his chronicle is, had to be, incomplete—and this for a film that runs three hours and twenty minutes including intermission. It begins with the assassination in 1948, then goes back to South Africa in 1893 with Gandhi's arrival there, as a London-educated barrister, to fight discriminatory legislation against Indians. He spent twenty-one years there. (The film is oddly nebulous about time lapses.) We begin with his humiliation in the first-class carriage of a train and the start of his long struggle, first, for the rights of Indians in South Africa, then, after 1914, for the independence of Indians in India, a struggle that did not end until 1947. *Then* came the spilling of blood between Indians, Hindu and Moslem; and Gandhi, who had previously used fasting as a plea, announced that he would fast once again, until death took him or the fighting stopped. The fighting stopped, temporarily at least; but death came anyway. He was murdered by one of his own Hindu faith for his efforts to bring peace. Not for the first time, a religion had killed one of its communicants for taking its precepts seriously.

I see no point in checking the film script, item by item, against the biography. Attenborough admits omissions and selected emphases, which were of course unavoidable; there are also condensations and a few minor changes. Sticklers will surely find details to quibble about (for instance, Gandhi's remains were in fact dropped into the Ganges from a military amphibious craft, not from Attenborough's flower-laden boat), but the film epitomizes the life. The stages of Gandhi's pilgrimage are generally clear; and the sunsets over Indian rivers, the great fields fringed with far mountains, the crowded cities, the street battles, the train journeys, the government palaces, the immense funeral procession, all glide by as we expect them to. The dialogue by John Briley is limber enough and often pithy; some of it is quotation. The music by Ravi Shankar is unsurprisingly apt and is aptly used. Attenborough and his editor John Bloom have done their best to fight foreknowledge and the lulling rhythm of historical procession by means of incisive cutting: for instance, by abruptly slicing off a dissident Anglican minister's sermon in defense of Gandhi or by exploding the one word "Salt!" in sudden close-up of the British viceroy as he hears of Gandhi's campaign to break the government's salt monopoly.

But none of these elements would have mattered, would have had the chance to matter, without the element that saves the film (and "saves" is the word I have to use): the acting. Almost all of the large cast are excellent. Gandhi is played by Ben Kingsley, a member of the Royal Shakespeare Company who is in fact half Indian: his real name is Krishna Rhanji. To put it exactly, he is simply fine. How consciously brave and "historical" and piously mealy-mouthed and

FILMS WORTH SEEING

Brimstone and Treacle. A diabolical young man slithers into an English suburban home. Script almost clever enough, performances—by Denholm Elliott, Joan Plowright, and a rock singer called Sting—much better.

The Missionary. Michael Palin of Monty Python wrote and stars in this 1906 comedy about an Anglican priest's misadventures while trying to reform London tarts. Much of it funny, all funnily performed.

Smithereens. Susan Seidelman's first feature, about a hapless girl in the SoHo scene, seems at first like glib naturalism but goes, ruthlessly, much deeper.

Time Stands Still. The Budapest children who lived through 1956 seen seven years later. Teenage troubles with a difference. A touch arty, but often touching.

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coyly twinkle-eyed the performance might have been. How easily Kingsley avoids all these snares by grasping the central truth of the character's dynamics: Gandhi could not lose. He knew he might be killed, he knew he would certainly be hurt and jailed, he knew his political causes might fail, but he could not lose: because he had invested all his being in his beliefs. This understanding is the rock on which Kingsley's portrayal stands. George Orwell said in his review of Gandhi's autobiography (1949): "Saints should always be judged guilty until proved innocent. . . ." So should actors who portray saints. Kingsley passes the test in his first few minutes: we realize very quickly that he is not standing outside the character admiring him, he is journeying with him, visibly and invisibly. Even one technical fault seems a refracted virtue: in Gandhi's last years, Kingsley doesn't look quite old enough, but I'd guess that a decision was made not to use a lot of makeup or a rubber mask because this would obtrude artifice into a performance clarified with truth. In an extra-cinematic sense, it could be sheer respect for both Gandhi and Kingsley's performance that keeps him from complete physical verisimilitude at the end.

A FEW of the other good actors: Ian Charleson, reticent yet firm as an Anglican priest drawn to Gandhi; Saeed Jaffrey, humorous and humane as Gandhi's colleague, Patel; John Gielgud, commanding as the viceroy in whose imperial wounds Gandhi rubs his salt campaign; Trevor Howard, subtle as a British judge obliged to sentence Gandhi yet well aware of the quality of his prisoner; and—a tacit irony—Athol Fugard, the South African actor-playwright who has fought all his life against apartheid, wiry and wily as General Smuts. Two actors who are less successful: Martin Sheen, as a "composite" American reporter, over-lolling in contrast to the disciplined people around him; Candice Bergen, as Margaret Bourke-White, once again professionally inept.

One curious aspect of *Gandhi* is that we can view the picture as a possible act of contrition. It was Britain against which Gandhi struggled and which made the struggle hard; but British incentive and talent and, in some part, financing, produced the film. In penitential terms, the result makes considerable amends: *Gandhi* is a whole-souled tribute to a monumentally consecrated life. Few are going to remember the film as a work of art; but, especially because of Kingsley, many will be strongly reminded of—or will learn about—this singular man. A very humbling and a very bitter story.

WHY BITTER? Because Gandhi believed that history shows how love and nonviolence always eventually triumph. I can't see that history shows anything of the kind. Inarguably it was because of his willingness to die for his beliefs, not to kill for them, that Gandhi won; but his political victories were not inevitable, only his personal victory—the knowledge that, through dedication, *he* could not lose even if his causes did. George Woodcock points out, at the finish of his acute little book on Gandhi:

> Where Gandhi was extravagantly wrong, it was usually from ignorance of the facts rather than from bad judgment. And the most important fact, of which he was almost willfully ignorant, was the extent and reality of evil.

For substantiation, look no further than India's history after the independence to which Gandhi led his country.

Further, it's bitter because Gandhi's life is not, in any illustrative sense, exemplary: the world can't become saintly, and for worldly improvement, it doesn't really need the exceptions we call saints. Shaw didn't say that Christ's holiness would help the world's misery but Christ's will applied to a modern statesman's work. Orwell rejected the ideal of sainthood (while stipulating that Gandhi never made any such claim); "but regarded simply as a politician," said Orwell, "and compared with the other leading political figures of our time, how clean a smell he has managed to leave behind!"

Not saints but statesmen with Christ's or some comparable will, not saints but politicians who will leave a clean smell behind—that is a wan-enough hope for the world without the burden of hopes for saintliness. The last proof is what happened after Gandhi's assassination. Says Woodcock: "His murderer was hanged under a law inherited from the British, and none of Gandhi's old comrades in the government was moved to protest that denial of his beliefs." The last bitterness for us in his story is that his example was *immediately* forgotten: that, for change of the world's misery, we need better "old comrades" more than we need saints.

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ROBERT BRUSTEIN ON THEATER

Musical Into Opera

The Broadway musical has long been touted as America's one original contribution to world culture, on the theory (*pace* Walt Whitman) that we are obliged to invent indigenous art forms in order to validate our identity as a nation. It is true that the American theater has attracted a wealth of talented lyricists and composers—Cole Porter, Rodgers and Hart, E.Y. Harburg, Kurt Weill, Jerome Kern, Marvin Hamlisch, Stephen Sondheim, et al; but if we have not yet been catapulted into the pantheon of the culturally blessed on the back of the American musical, the fault lies with the book. With a few notable exceptions, the literature of musical comedy is an embarrassment—subliterate in a way that even the most extravagant Italian opera is not (just compare the Giacosa-Illica adaptation of Henry Mürger's autobiographical sketches for *La Boheme* with the Kopit-Tune mutilation of Fellini in *Nine*). I recently had occasion to reexamine about thirty of these celebrated contributions to universal art, and while I almost always found the music as fresh as on the day it was composed, the text was usually as yellowed and crumpled and soggy as an overroasted marshmallow.

There are exceptions, such musicals as *Guys and Dolls* and *A Funny Thing Happened On The Way to the Forum*, which, drawing their nourishment from the healthy roots of American comedy and burlesque, manage to stay both vital and unpretentious. The more ambitious undertakings, however, those with underground reputations like John LaTouche's *The Golden Apple* or Moss Hart's *Lady in the Dark*, look very feeble today—the one an unbearably folksy adaptation of *The Iliad*, the other a journey into pop psychoanalysis so superficial it makes a movie like Hitchcock's *Spellbound* look like it was supervised by Freud.

Leonard Bernstein is among the most gifted of the serious composers for the musical theater, but he too has been hamstrung by pretentious collaborators. Arthur Laurents's book for *West Side Story* is *Romeo and Juliet* seen through the eyes of an urban sociologist who never left Sutton Place, and *Candide*, which may very well have one of the best scores ever composed for a musical, was weighed down in its 1956 production by an army of Broadway celebrities (Lillian Hellman, Richard Wilbur, Dorothy Parker, John LaTouche, Tyrone Guthrie) who turned Voltaire's satire on the best of all possible worlds into a raging battlefield strewn with the worst of all possible egos. Later, in 1973, with a simplified new book by Hugh Wheeler, additional lyrics by Stephen Sondheim, and a sharp production concept by Harold Prince, *Candide* was restaged by the Chelsea Theater Center in an intimate one-act version that ran on Broadway for two years. Now, restored to its original two acts and with an expanded orchestra, the work is being revived by the New York City Opera at the State Theater, Lincoln Center, where it has been transformed from a musical comedy into a witty Viennese light opera.

Candide has always had something of this quality—"Glitter and Be Gay" is a brilliant coloratura aria and "The Old Lady's Tale" has the form of a barcarole—but the ambience of an opera house helps to highlight the scope and ambitiousness of the score in a manner denied to a Broadway theater. It also, unhappily, highlights the evening's formality, which tends to dampen its charming nature and lighthearted spirit. The New York State Theater, let's face it, is a monster—designed, like the Met, more to flatter the audience's self-image than to function as a setting for musical performance. The sumptuous chandeliers have been created, I suspect, to simulate the diamond pendants swinging from the neck of its dowager patrons, and the walls and balconies are covered with materials that look like the chased gold used by Tiffany for its more expensive bracelets. In this atmosphere of luxury and privilege, Harold Prince tries manfully to relax the occasion, bringing his performers through the audience, sometimes accompanied by pink sheep, having the conductor help an actor change his costume, and giving the production the sweep and swagger of a three-ring circus. But his efforts are continually being vexed by the stiffness of the operatic event, and he is not helped by his decision to keep a huge chorus on stage at all times, especially since he gives them precious little to do except stand, watch, and react.

I don't think, either, that the New York State Theater has entirely solved its acoustical problems, since I had difficulty hearing most of the spoken dialogue, and even some of the lyrics. The house is not kind to baritones or contraltos; only the more piercing soprano and tenor tones seem able to penetrate its aural fog, which may explain why I was more beguiled by Erie Mills's wide-eyed Cunegonde, Deborah Darr's delicious Paquette, and David Eisler's disengenuous Candide, than by John Lankston's Voltaire-Pangloss and Muriel Costa-Greenspon's Old Lady. This is a shame, since the book is often quite clever, and the lyrics have a winning insouciance, but it is the price one pays for staging anything vaguely subtle in that massive, daunting barn.

ON THE OTHER HAND, what opera offers best is music and spectacle, and in these respects, *Candide* cannot be faulted. Although Clarke Dunham's design is a little garish, it is a functional setting for an action that whisks us halfway round the world, from battlefield to ballroom, from cathouse to cathedral, from volcanic eruptions and autos-da-fé to voyages on the bounding main. Prince's direction is broad and often very funny, particularly in the Slavic-Spanish tango number, "I Am Easily Assimilated," which features a chorus of superannuated, superherniated caballeros buckling at the knees as they try to hoist the corpulent Old Lady aloft while she warbles her song. And the finale, "Make Our Garden Grow," a Utopian pastoral fantasy complete with horses, sheep, and country wagons, is a genuinely rousing, even thrilling climax to this epic undertaking.

Candide has long had a legendary reputation as an undervalued musical, especially for those who primarily knew the work on record, because it reveals Bernstein at the top of his powers, eclectic without sacrificing singularity, melodic without turning saccharine, capable of borrowing complex musical formulas without vulgarizing them. It succeeds in a way that eluded *On the Town*, for all its jazzy razzmatazz, or *West Side Story*, for all its streetwise sentimentality, or *Mass*, for all its rock-and-roll religiosity. *Candide* succeeds because it is written by a composer no longer condescending to a "native American artform," but rather expanding in an element more appropri-

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ate to his substantial talents and training.

Meanwhile, back on Broadway, we find Murray Schisgal vainly trying to recapture the audiences he successfully won in more halcyon days with *Luv* and *The Typist and the Tiger*. But whereas those earlier plays managed to popularize the techniques of absurdist playwrights like Ionesco, *Twice Around the Park* (Cort Theater) seems like a popularization of Neil Simon, which is a way of saying it is commercialism squared; even the title has been Simonized. There is something a little desperate about this "New York Comedy," as it is subtitled; the comedy is willed, the situations are forced. The matinee audience with which I shared this precious experience seemed to be enjoying themselves, but largely out of a desire to respond in kind to a playwright so eager to please.

Twice Around the Park consists of two short plays, performed in one basic setting—a living room design by James Tilton that has been constructed with all the joins showing. The first piece, "A Need For Brussel Sprouts," also shows its joins; it brings an aging male actor together with his upstairs neighbor, a redheaded policewoman, over the issue of the noise he is making with his phonograph. Inevitably these two lonely creatures find fulfillment in each other's arms, but not until they both have had their quota of wisecracks on such topics as urban crime, sex, marriage, and the prison system. Schisgal's wit sharpens in direct proportion to his prejudices—toward leniency to criminals ("You can't get into those prisons; they're so popular, they have a five year waiting list"), toward servicing the female orgasm ("You don't know if you're a man in bed with a woman or a mechanic")—but sharpness like this is equivalent to cutting meat with a spoon.

The second play, "A Need For Less Expertise," brings us a bored, laconic couple performing exercises meant to intensify their sexual feelings for each other, climaxed by the husband's admission that he has been unfaithful, many times. After the obligatory recriminations, the piece ends in reconciliation. The plays are expertly acted by Eli Wallach, gargling with gruff gusto, and Anne Jackson, deflating him with sharp, well-timed jabs. Both deserve better material. So do the undergraduates who henceforth will be doomed to act these trifles less expertly in the residential houses of Ivy League colleges.

A great English writer, he was the Orwell of his age.

William Cobbett, Reformer

By David Bromwich

Any English historian rash enough to talk about the causes of an event will tell you that three things produced the Reform Bill of 1832: a series of working-class protests, some spontaneous and some closely planned, with the fear of a more general uprising to follow; the growing influence of the early Utilitarians, who offered specific proposals for reform; and William Cobbett. Of these causes the last is the most interesting as well as the easiest to credit. Starting in 1802, and after 1810 with an extraordinary single-mindedness of attack, he wrote and published his own newspaper, the *Political Register*, which had for its constant theme the radical reorganization of society. An entirely new Parliament, responsible to every class in society, would be the first step in such a change, but the first step only. From 1816 on, to square his policy with his practice, Cobbett sold the paper also in a smaller and cheaper version, printing the comment without the news, so that any common laborer could afford to buy it. This edition was nicknamed by his enemies "two-penny trash," and characteristically he took over the name and made the most of it. He had, it was sometimes supposed, a special interest in the plight of the farm laborer, for he himself had practiced the "cottage economy" of a farmer and knew what the land might yield if the government did not plunder harvests annually with tithes, taxes, and a price fixed by the emerging class of capitalists. But it would be wrong to think of Cobbett as an agitator among one sector of the working class. With the postwar discontent that climaxed in the Peterloo Massacre of 1819, and that erupted at intervals for more than decade after, he became, as much as any man in history, a tribune of the people, a voice so trusted that when he spoke out they seemed to be hearing themselves.

Cobbett must be one of the hardest great writers to think about. He published a score of books, apart from his millions of words for the *Political Register;* but the diverseness of his subjects, and the unpredictable course of his opinions, together form an imposing obstacle. So there have been good portraits of him—William Hazlitt's essay in *Table-Talk*, G.K. Chesterton's *William Cobbett*—but until now only one good full-scale biography, by G.D.H. Cole. George Spater's *William Cobbett: The Poor Man's Friend* (Cambridge University Press, two volumes, 653 pp., $49.50) nearly makes a second. It provides a more detailed record than Cole's and, if less exciting as a story, and less confident in its workmanship of prose, is at any rate clear, sympathetic, and conscientious throughout. Cole wrote as a Guild Socialist, more interested in the way Cobbett might seem to look forward to Marx and William Morris than in the way he actually cast his sidelong glances at Paine and Robert Owen. That had its disadvantages: Cobbett was in truth no more a socialist (because he cared about equality) than he was a conservative (because he cared about the national debt). On the other hand, the animus of Cole's book, which made it seem partly a tract for the times in the 1920s, succeeded in giving it a distinct character. This new biography does not quite have one, and the reason is that Mr. Spater is not quite a political man; indeed, so far as one can say this about any author's dealings with a subject as massively provoking as Cobbett, he seems to be altogether without crotchets; he tries hard to be fair all around, and for Cobbett's life and times the effort is hopeless. One feels nevertheless that his book was written out of love, and its warmth of dedication carries a reader through two large volumes without complaint. Mr. Spater has illustrated the mainly sober narrative with a great many period cartoons; and even the dust-jacket has its interest, for one learns there that Mr. Spater is not a professor, or even a journalist who branched out, but an attorney (of twenty-five years' practice), who became chairman of American Airlines, and then retired to complete a work he must already have been planning for

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years. *The Poor Man's Friend* includes, as Cole's biography could not, a scrupulous account of Cobbett's family life, which has the effect of making its hero less legendary without once introducing a note of the undignified or the ignoble. It is also generous with quotations, and I am going to be using some of them.

The force with which Cobbett kept up for three decades his one-man challenge to the government of a great country has no explanation in the range of normal human endurance; but Cobbett even as a physical presence was outside the normal range, as sketches and paintings of him show. The tall figure (tending to portliness), the lion's head, both contribute to the impression of a substantial ferocity—his person, like his periods, had a girth that defied cavil. One incident from his life makes the point better than any description. He had agreed to speak to a meeting, at an inn in Lewes, Sussex, during the agitations of 1822. For him this would have been a negligible entry in a busy schedule, and he went only because someone had warned him against it. As soon as Cobbett's health was proposed, a murmur rose up from the audience (which became gradually intelligible as a counterproposal), one man stood on a table and read aloud some offensive remarks from the *Political Register,* and a motion was made for evicting Cobbett from the premises, to the approving cheers (as Cobbett himself describes them) of "six or eight of the dark, dirty, half-whiskered tax eaters from Brighton." Cobbett, who knew better than to start a contest of shouting, gave his answer in another way. "I rose, that they might see the man that they had to put out." They saw; and he gave his speech without interruption. The government, too, for three decades, made its counterproposals and motions for evicting him, with as little success as the tax eaters from Brighton.

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HE WAS BORN in 1763, the son of a tavern keeper, and grew up in Surrey. His apprenticeship to a London solicitor, and later his army service in North America, have nothing in them to discourage anyone's prediction of a safe career as an officer, or as a prosperous farmer. It was not before the second decade of the nineteenth century, for that matter, that anyone could have guessed he aspired to be something more than a prosperous writer. But the events of his early life made Cobbett feel, only half-voluntarily, the vocation of a reformer. While in the army he had watched his superior officers for signs of superiority, as hopeful of guidance as any tavern keeper's son. He could not help noticing how they diverted to themselves money that rightly belonged to the common soldiers under them, and being Cobbett he could not help keeping records of what he knew. Back in England, he inquired more closely into the regimental books: the evidence seemed unambiguous, and he brought charges against four officers of the regiment. His petition to the Secretary of War was granted and a court-martial convened on March 24, 1792, but Cobbett failed to appear in court and so the charges were dropped. He had, as it turned out, been traduced by the government. A few days before the hearings were to begin, he had discovered that some of the evidence he needed was now unavailable to him, some had been tampered with, a large number of witnesses had been bribed and others silenced. Instead of going ahead to certain defeat in a rigged case, he fled to France. He intended a stay in Paris, with the woman he had met in America and married in England, but, hearing of the arrest of the King and Queen and the massacre of the Swiss Guard, he had to reverse direction once more. In August 1792, five months after their arrival in France, the couple sailed from Le Havre. The next eight years Cobbett spent in America, as a pamphleteer against the party of Jefferson, whom he never lost a chance of denouncing as Jacobins.

He wrote now under the pen name Peter Porcupine, and earned the gratitude of the Federalists, without their pay or personal favor. Washington said of his work, "it is not a bad thing"; and with every allowance for Washington's habit of understatement, this was the most that could be said by any American; for Cobbett made a point above all of being a loyal Englishman, and more than once implied that the American Revolution was as much to be regretted as the French. In 1797 a libel action was brought against him by Dr. Benjamin Rush (whose treatment for Yellow Fever he had called a recipe for certain death). When it finally reached court in December 1799, the judge presiding was a close friend of Governor Thomas McKean of Pennsylvania, whom Cobbett had reviled in stronger terms even than Rush; and the jury's verdict, obedient to elaborate instructions from the judge, was against Cobbett for damages amounting to $5,000. He chose this moment to depart again for England, where he made the apparently easy transition from Federalist to Tory. His politics, however, in these first years of his return, were misleading to everyone including himself.

COBBETT would tolerate the English government under Pitt and his successors only so long as he felt that he himself was a potent influence on its actions. He still sought an end to the shoring up of old alliances by the awarding of places and pensions—the same enhancement of "the sons and daughters of corruption" that he had found in the army—and at first the Tories seemed to him less irremediably mercenary than their rivals. This illusion was sustained by the war against Napoleon, whose staunchest advocates, Lord Grenville and William Windham, he regarded as men of good will. Then too, Windham was a rhetorician in the grand style: the disciple of Burke, he had called the French Revolution "the second fall of man," and in 1800 Cobbett was still capable of enjoying that sort of talk. But with the Treaty of Amiens, in 1802, Cobbett ceased to look on Napoleon as an object of national concern. His loss of interest in the enemy, whose existence alone justified the policies of the government, marks the real beginning of his political education. When Windham took over as Secretary for War and Colonies in the Ministry of All-the-Talents, he naturally expected Cobbett to fall into line: after all, he was a

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patron of the *Political Register*, and Cobbett was on record as considering at least *this* talent to be genuine. But he misjudged his man; Cobbett retained complete independence. And when he saw the new ministry at once concealing and widening the abuses of its predecessors, he grew more virulent than ever. In July 1809 he wrote a savage article denouncing the manner in which the government had suppressed a mutiny among the local militia at Ely. German troops had been brought in, and the guilty men had been sentenced to receive five hundred lashes each. It was not the severity of the sentence, but the presence of foreign mercenaries that offended Cobbett's sense of honor and indeed of patriotism. His article was a passing thing and might easily have been allowed to drop from sight, but the government was very sure of its power. Cobbett therefore found himself charged with seditious libel, and eventually sentenced to two years in Newgate with a fine of £1000. This time there was no escape.

During his stay in prison the *Political Register* kept appearing. The reversal strengthened Cobbett's mind all the more by giving him a personal humiliation to brood on—and "the System" as he called it, or sometimes just "the Thing," came to seem worse than corrupt. It was monstrous; a devourer of its own children, whether in prisons or in graves; a thing, simply, to be rid of. This was the tone in which he would speak of it almost to his death in 1835. But his imprisonment taught Cobbett a degree of wariness, and several years later, in 1817, when he received a polite suggestion from Lord Sidmouth that he stop publishing the *Political Register* and devote himself full-time to his proper work as a farmer, he understood it as an immediate threat to his liberty, and arranged another voyage to America rather than endure another prosecution. Still the newspaper appeared, only a little the poorer for being some weeks behind the pace of events in England. And the William Cobbett who returned to England in 1819 was the writer Hazlitt could describe as "a kind of *fourth estate* in the politics of the country." That phrase, as Hazlitt used it, was precise in a way that is seldom recognized; for while in America Cobbett had written the words that would serve as his credo for the years to come:

> Society ought not to exist, if not for the benefit of the whole. It is and must be against the law of nature, if it exist for the benefit of the few. . . . I say, then, distinctly that a society, in which the common labourer, with common health and strength and with economy and sobriety and industry and good morals and good manners, cannot secure a sufficiency of food and raiment, is a society which ought not to exist; a society contrary to the law of nature; a society whose compact is dissolved.

From a reporter of occasional disappointments, he had become a prophet: "Such a system must end, and the end must be dreadful." But no law of historical development would assure that end; no already existing agency would bring it about. The fate of the common laborer depended on his coming to see himself not as a victim of circumstance but as a designated casualty, in a system that fostered the single basic injustice of denying the benefit of the whole.

To help him see this, Cobbett throughout the 1820s collected facts. He rode about the countryside and *looked*—where other reformers brought their charts to plan, he brought his eyes to witness. He noticed that farm laborers were being kept at a level of bare subsistence, and sometimes below; and yet, the fields were rich with an annual crop of corn, wheat, barley. He calculated how much it would take to feed all the laborers who worked the land, and found they could feed themselves, and many more, with the food they produced. He asked how then it happened that they were starving. His answer was that the prices and distribution of goods were determined not by the productive members of society but by "the whole tribe of tax eaters," by the

> nabobs, negro-drivers, generals, admirals, governors, commissaries, contractors, pensioners, sinecurists, commissioners, loan-jobbers, lottery dealers, bankers, stock-jobbers; not to mention the long and *black-list* in gowns and three-tailed wigs.

The country had gone into debt to speculators and plunderers, those who made money from nothing but the need of others for money. The national debt had been built up to finance the war against Napoleon, and the economy had never recovered from that plunge. But Cobbett always kept a finger pointed at those who grew rich from the forty-year-long depression. For the new names attached to old houses, signifying the displacement of the smaller gentry by a class as

WILLIAM COBBETT BY JACK COUGHLIN FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

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yet nameless, were another prominent feature of the countryside. The sight of consecrated places being deprived of their history shocked him more than anything else, and he described the rapacity of the new owners, visible in the condition of their estates, as eagerly as he recounted stories of their personal cruelty.

What was happening to the country estates was happening also to the laborers, and according to Cobbett the cause was much the same. Those with the luck to possess ready funds when the nation wanted to borrow had been rewarded not for labor performed or even for capital ventured but for the simple willingness to make others poor, and they were the class that had to be removed before England could be healthy again. Beside this insight and his ability to bring it home everywhere, Cobbett's choice of particular groups such as Quakers or Jews to condemn as typical money-lenders, seems a local and occasional tactic. He would not have justified the persecution of them as groups. But it must be added that his readiness to exploit an existing prejudice is not an accidental part of his genius. He needed, especially for his comic effects, the kind of compression that the rhetoricians call synecdoche. If I look for twenty ships to come into port, why should I not say that I scan the horizon for twenty *sails*? And if the ships are loaded with precious goods, which embody the profits a merchant has realized by cheating me through a middle-man financier, it is only a step further to say: "There come the twenty *Quaker Tubs.*"

The Noiseless Tenor:

The Bicycle in Literature

by James E. Starrs

This unprecedented anthology celebrates the delights of bicycling and of literature. That the two can spin along in happy harmony appears in excerpts from Samuel Beckett, V. Nabokov, Kurt Vonnegut, Henry Miller, Iris Murdoch, and others. "The bicycle is mankind's noblest invention," writes William Saroyan in a foreword especially for this collection. Illustrations are included by Charles M. Russell, Frederic Remington, Marcel Duchamp, and others.

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THAT THE LAND itself was fertile; that the people who tilled it were shut out from a wealth by all rights theirs; that a class of corrupt idlers could be named, sought out, and deprived of their power: this was half of Cobbett's message. The rest had to emerge from his patient investigations into the past. His antagonists here were the Malthusian school, with their argument that misery was a necessary curb against the rapid increase of the population. The argument had its current uses, of course, in justifying such policies as the "Speenhamland" system of paying laborers out of the poor rates, to keep wages just at the level of subsistance no matter how prices rose or fell; but this whole line of reasoning started from the assumption that the population had in fact been increasing in the past several decades. Again, Cobbett looked at the countryside, and saw a puzzling disproportion between the size of the older buildings and the number of persons they sheltered in the 1820s. In the Valley of the Avon alone, for example, there were thirty-one churches, many of them extraordinarily spacious, with seating-room sufficient to hold several times the present number of worshippers. Since other evidence informed him that the people of the region had not declined in faith, he concluded that they had declined in numbers. This kind of argument from observation Cobbett set against Malthus's geometrical and arithmetical progressions, and he never wearied of taunting all those who excogitated schemes for the emigration of laborers from the countryside, for the supposed well-being of an overcrowded England. The most influential of Malthus's disciples were Scottish, so Cobbett nicknamed them *feelosofers*; they went about hatching schemes, so he called them *vagabounds*. The first nickname was a routine piece of derision. The second was a profound stroke of poetic justice: where this generation of social scientists charged the common laborer with shiftlessness, Cobbett was replying that there was hardly a more stable being on earth; and he made his reply *tell* by portraying the Malthusians as what they were, nomads who scoured the countryside in the hope of some day conducting a successful forced migration. It is as characteristic of Cobbett's intellectual vices as of his demogogic virtues that he should have used the two names indifferently.

The depth at which Cobbett entered into his conversation with those who were either poor or becoming poor may be seen particularly in the history of his relations with the Luddite protestors. In 1816 he published a *Letter to the Luddites*, expressing sympathy with their cause but regretting the tactics of the frame-breakers, as an irrational resistance to the universal benefits promised from the machines for knitting and weaving. In the next few years he came to see that more was at stake than a question of mechanical progress, a "matter in the abstract." The cottage industries of individual artisans were being broken up by the life of the factory: workers whose labor had once been mixed with daily affairs in a community, now found that their lives, and often their very families, were divided. Cobbett was willing to show in public how his understanding of the Luddites' motives had altered his estimate of their conduct. He announced that in many instances, "the mechanic inventions, pushed to the extent that they have been, have been productive of great calamity to this country, and that they will be productive of still greater calamity." He made, that is, a deduction from the evidence, similar in spirit to E. P. Thompson's more than a century later:

> The gap in status between a "servant," a hired wage-laborer subject to the orders and discipline of the master, and an artisan, who might "come and go" as he pleased, was wide enough for men to shed blood rather than allow themselves to be pushed from one side to the other.

In most cases the factory's product was demonstrably inferior to the artisan's, and Cobbett, happy to appeal to self-interest when he could, cited this as a still plainer reason for refusing to buy any cloth that had been mass-produced.

Like the owners of country estates whom he had never heard of, the factory owners were new men, and Cobbett hated them. He was less hostile to members of the established gentry who gave a steady charity to their poor neighbors; but these too he felt free to criticize, when their benevolence served to enforce class distinctions through an inter-

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ested paternalism. He warned very emphatically against the cant about "the deserving poor":

> Amongst the labouring people, the first thing you have to look after is, *common honesty, speaking the truth* and *refraining from thieving;* and to secure these, the labourer must have *his belly full* and be *free from fear;* and this belly full must come to him from out of his wages, and not from benevolence of any description.

In this emphasis on work Cobbett anticipates an equally thoroughgoing prophet of the next age, Thomas Carlyle. The difference between them may seem only a difference of rhetoric; and yet it has broad consequences for their politics. Chesterton took stock of this when he remarked that Carlyle was deeply acceptable to the urban men of power, even when he seemed to pray against their success, whereas Cobbett from the whole temper of his work was somehow out of bounds.

> [Carlyle] meant by the profit-and-loss philosophy a small and mean philosophy that could not face a small loss even for the sake of a great profit; he never contradicted the whole trend of the age as Cobbett did. On the contrary, Carlyle called the capitalist by a romantic name, where Cobbett would have called him by a shockingly realistic name. Carlyle called the capitalist a captain of industry; a very sad scrap of Victorian sentimentalism. That romantic evasion misses the whole point; the point which Cobbett kept steadily in sight all his life. Militarism would be much less respectable and respected if the captain of a line regiment had pocketed the rent of every acre that he fought for in Flanders. Capitalism would be much more respectable and respected if all the master-builders climbed to the tops of towers and fell off; if there were as many capitalists knocked on the head by bricks as there were captains killed at the front by bullets.

But another great difference separates them. Cobbett, by his manner as well as his audience, was a genuinely popular writer.

REPEAT YOURSELF many times in a few pages and you will not yet sound like Cobbett. Nevertheless, sheer repetition is one secret of his style. He understood how a truth returning grips the mind with double force; how it comes back to haunt the reader who may have been struck by a certain image, but who needed the echo to set it down in his memory; to store it there, and use it later as an incitement to the sleeping mind, and a fixed mark to the awakened conscience. Anaphora is the usual device for giving point to such repetitions, and my last sentence illustrates its structure; but it is a formal illustration only: it has none of Cobbett's naturalness, and is spoiled at the end by a trick of balance and antithesis—the sort of conscious grace he excluded as wrong for the purposes of demotic speech. Italics and nicknames are among the other more obvious weapons in his arsenal that the foregoing quotations have displayed liberally. But the nicknames can go a long way: after a certain point in his life, London became to Cobbett simply "the Wen"; the dilapidated village of Old Sarum, which could send a member to Parliament without the inconveniences of voting, became not just a *rotten borough* but "the Accursed Hill"; and for some time Cobbett, who hated potatoes as a substitute forced on the poor for good English bread, took to calling them "the root of extreme unction."

A phrase like that brings to mind the range of his persuasive effects, and how much they owe to a humor verging on the burlesque. Almost never, so far as I can recall, does he choose to appear as an ironist. Yet he sometimes mimics irony, by a deliberately misplaced affectation of a neutral tone; as when, during his second American visit, he describes the Scottish peddler who walked up the steps to his house, entered without saying a word, and threw his knapsack on the parlor table,

> which I, with reciprocal taciturnity, took hold of and tossed out of the window, which, being a free country, was standing wide open, as it were, on purpose to admit of the ejectment. It was not till after this that the Scotchman spoke, which he did in a manner that would certainly have procured him the honour of following the pack, if he had not, upon due notice given, taken the more circuitous route by the door.

This passage and many others like it were made possible by Cobbett's experience on another hot afternoon, in his eleventh year, when he purchased a book with the curious title *A Tale of a Tub,* sat down under a haystack, and read with small comprehension but a wholly unfamiliar pleasure, until the sun went down. From that moment he dated his resolve to be a writer; and it is true that

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Swift is the only writer with whom he can be even remotely compared. Like Swift, in all of his prose Cobbett *connects:* this profession with that practice, this expensive and useless achievement with that forgotten reason for attempting it, what this man suffered with the escape that man could have contrived in his place. Nor are Cobbett and Swift so opposite in temperament as at first appears. The resemblance comes out in Swift's treatment of his servants, and Cobbett's treatment of his family. Both valued the morally sound but restrictive act of generosity over the careless warmth of a personal kindness. Both were principled, benevolent, but unsentimental to the point almost of callousness; glad to be known as rule-makers of an unappeasable rigor, so long as it was added that their rules were just.

COBBETT'S GIFT for connecting professions with practices is essentially a political gift. One might show the way it works in countless passages, of which the finest is his account of a visit to Dover. He had come there, he says, to see a picturesque seaport, but could not help noticing, as he looked at the Southern Cliff, the fortifications built a few years before and now falling into disrepair. These were Pitt's answer to the popular fear his government had stirred up—the fear of an invasion by Napoleon. Now, twenty years later, Cobbett scouts the terrain.

> line upon line, trench upon trench, cavern upon cavern, bomb-proof upon bomb-proof. . . . The question every man of sense asks, is [here Cobbett turns to the ghost of Pitt and addresses him directly], What reason had you to suppose that *the French would ever come to this hill* to attack it, while the rest of the country was so much more easy to assail. . . . Just as if the Frenchmen would come to this hill! Just as if they would not go (if they came at all) and land in Romney Marsh, or on Pevensey level, or any where else, rather than come up to this hill; rather than come to crawl up SHAKESPEARE'S cliff.

The motive for so profligate an expenditure on so foolish a project can only be that the rulers of England had determined to prevent the landing "not of Frenchmen, but of French principles." The making of those fortifications was an enormous distraction for English laborers, and evidently a successful one. Cobbett's reasoning so far is a tour de force, but the normally acute political writer would stop here, satisfied to have seen through a devious plan. Cobbett, however, is never content merely to expose a limited evil. His work is not done until his readers have seen past it, and been moved to action. In this instance he shows the way by pointing out that from Dover you have an excellent view of the French coast; you can see, across the channel, not only the chalk-cliffs of Calais but the cornfields nearby; and they make a chastening picture: the French farmers are bringing in a harvest with no tithes to pay out, because the French have had a revolution.

THE ACCOUNT of Dover comes from *Rural Rides* (1830), the only book that adequately represents the sort of writing he did in the *Political Register.* But as a reasoner about political facts, it seems to me, he can be matched by others, who work with a shorter fuse but comparable detonations. Where Cobbett has no peer is in absorbing such episodes into a personal drama. Thus, in one of his rides, he mentions a fit of bad temper that made him speak rudely to his son Richard. As he started to reflect on his own unreasonableness, "just at this time, my eyes met his, in which I saw *great surprise;* and, feeling the just rebuke, feeling heartily ashamed of myself, I instantly changed my tone and manner." He had eaten very little that day; hunger may, he thinks, have shortened his temper; but it occurs to him to ask whether the little he got was not more than the common laborer expects to eat every day of his life. His calculations show that he and his son had actually eaten "more and much more, than the average of labourers, their wives and children, have to eat in a whole day, and that the labourer has to *work* on too!" No lesson is indicated; Cobbett goes on to something else. But the reader is left with something to reflect on. In such passages one learns what it means to have a moral imagination.

This was Cobbett's leading trait. Yet he had also, what in other men seems strictly incompatible with it, a well-developed sense of opportunity. He was always fond of ad hoc gimmicks, a large case in point being his custody of the bones of Tom Paine. Cobbett in his early years had denounced Paine, but in 1817 and 1818, back in America, he took the trouble to read him, and discovered a congenial writer on economic questions. The problem was that his youthful attacks were still remembered. Rather than dismiss the entire matter Cobbett chose to canonize Paine—and implicitly by doing so to absolve his earlier self. So he took Paine's bones to England, without having considered what he would do with then once ashore. A resting place sufficiently conspicuous, a climactic moment for installing them, could not be found, and he had to let the grand event of *Cobbett's return to England with Paine's bones* trail off inconsequentially. The unhappy business seemed to Chesterton a serious act of atonement and therefore a touchstone of Cobbett's best qualities, but Hazlitt was more shrewd: "the fact is, he *ratted* from his own project. He found the thing not so ripe as he had expected. His heart failed him: his enthusiasm fled, and he made his retraction."

STILL THERE IS a distinction, pretty firm in the minds of most people, between opportunity seeking and opportunism, and Cobbett is always on the near side. Even on the French Revolution, what happened to him between 1792 and 1819 does not warrant a charge of inconsistency. He feared and deplored the violence of the Jacobins, and, believing England to be the home of liberty, he trusted his own country to reform itself without violence. This was a faith easily cherished from a distance, and it was strong in Cobbett throughout the 1790s, when he lived in America. He began to record his doubts almost as soon as the name Peter Porcupine began to seem inappropriate for a patriot no longer in exile; and by 1810 he thought the violence of the Revolution was something to be measured alongside the gains it had realized. All along, Cobbett could regard himself in good faith as struggling for a single cause. Reform had been his aim from the first; only its probable agency shifted with time. The distresses of the country, as it appeared by the 1820s, could expect no remedy but from those who felt them constantly: "The mass of the people do not now live; they crawl about, and die by inches." But in his last years Cobbett had come even further than that sentence can show; its "they" still belongs to the surveyor who stands apart from his subject. Cobbett would not pretend to share the people's sufferings, but in every possible context, wherever to do so would not imply a false claim, he preferred to say "we." He even speaks (truly) of "our low birth." It is the most generous and yet the most self-conscious *we* that a political writer has ever used, and its effect is to create a community.

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FROM CONTRACT TO COMMUNITY

Liberalism and the Limits of Justice
by Michael J. Sandel

(Cambridge University Press, 191 pp., $29.50, $9.95 paper)

According to an old Jewish folktale, when God offered his covenant to the children of Israel, He lifted Mt. Sinai into the air and held it over the heads of the assembled people until they said (with a single voice), "All that the Lord hath spoken, we will do." The tale is a wry comment on the doctrine of consent. Theologians and philosophers have built many political mansions on the consent of the people, but the people understand, or some of them do, that their consent isn't always the central feature of the construction project.

The current revival of social contract theory has not yet become the subject matter of folk tales. But the philosophical debate, often very technical, at least sometimes broaches the crucial questions: What do we (ordinary men and women) have to do with this contract? Are we the ones who specify the terms—or is there Someone Else? These questions lie at the heart of Michael Sandel's elegantly argued book. He is concerned with the idea of agency, with the human subject of the social contract. And many readers of the philosophical literature are likely to find in his book an argument they have been waiting to hear.

Ever since John Rawls published his *Theory of Justice* in 1971, a small host of leftist critics have attempted to work out a "communitarian" alternative. Not simply a leftist alternative, for Rawls's theory is designed to justify not only liberal welfarism but, under certain conditions that may well be our own conditions, democratic socialism too. The justification works, however, on radically individualist principles, and even when it is elaborated so as to produce socialist conclusions, it seems to ignore or bypass the morality of mutual involvement and the feelings of solidarity on which socialism has traditionally rested. Of course, each Rawlsian man and woman will have, one expects, a strong feeling of benevolence toward his fellow citizens. But the body of citizens will experience this feeling, as it were, one by one, as a mere series of helped and helpful individuals—and this account doesn't seem to reach to the real meaning or the likely emotional structure of *amour social*. We are indeed individuals, however, separate and self-absorbed, and the communalist critics of Rawls have not, until now, managed to come up with an account of community that isn't vague, mystical, or precious.

The problem with the Rawlsian contract, according to Sandel, lies with the description of moral agency. The agent of the contract, the person who designs and agrees to the principles of justice, is an "unencumbered self," a pure will, without particular qualities, capacities, goals, or interests. More exactly, he is a person entirely ignorant of his encumbrances, for the "veil of ignorance," the crucial mechanical device of Rawls's theory, falls between the self and all the particular features of the self. The agent doesn't know who he is, where he stands, what he has, or what he wants. Hence he designs principles for everyone; he is the philosophical representative of mankind as a whole. For Rawls, particularity would taint the social contract. If the men and women who meet in the original position know anything at all about themselves, they will design principles that fit what they know. But then these principles will rest upon the particular features of their own selfhood, and the rest of us will rightly complain that our selfhood has been left out of account. If the social contract is a bargain struck among individuals with interests, then the bargain will have no stable or universal form. Add another interested individual and the process will yield a different result.

The unencumbered self is philosophically necessary to Rawls's project; it frees justice from the parochialism of interest and gives it a universal form. It is also morally necessary; it frees justice from the parochialism of desert and opens the way for communal distributions and redistributions. Here is the most difficult part of Rawls's argument and of Sandel's critique, and I must proceed carefully. The veil of ignorance falls at a point marked out by what I will call the doctrine of irrelevance. It not only forces me to reason on everyone's behalf—since I don't know who I am; it also establishes a powerful negative principle, namely, that who I am cannot determine what I get. For my particular qualities, capacities, and so on, are only the accidents and contingencies of selfhood, matters of good and bad luck, "irrelevant from a moral point of view." Hence, Rawls claims, when I stand behind the veil, I will treat everyone's qualities and capacities, my own included, as if they were communal resources. And then I (and whoever else is with me behind the veil) will arrive at the central feature of Rawlsian justice, the "difference principle," which holds that inequalities in the distribution of social goods are acceptable only if they work to the benefit of the least well-off members of the community. If inequalities don't work this way, goods must be redistributed—and since they don't belong to anyone, they can be redistributed—by the political authorities.

I and my associates, philosophical representatives of mankind, agree to all this knowing that we may ourselves be among the least well-off—and knowing too that those who are better off, whoever they are, don't deserve their advantages. It is important to stress that the agreement doesn't rest on any strong

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sense of community, but rather on the self-understanding of unencumbered selves. Benevolent feelings are not the source of the difference principle, though the principle is supposed to generate a social world within which individuals will have benevolent feelings.

Against this account, Sandel makes a simple point, following the argument of Robert Nozick in *Anarchy, State, and Utopia* (but he follows Nozick only part of the way and then strikes out on his own): if qualities and capacities are accidents of individuals, why should we imagine that they belong in any more essential way to communities? If my ability, say, to write occasional reviews for THE NEW REPUBLIC and earn a little money on the side isn't properly called a resource of my own, why should it be called a communal resource? If I have no conclusive claim to the money, why should the state have a conclusive claim? Perhaps the money belongs to my relatives or my friends; perhaps it belongs to the Democratic Socialists of America; perhaps it belongs to the Boston Symphony or the New York Mets; perhaps it belongs to no one at all. The only way to make the communal claim stick, Sandel argues, is to describe communally encumbered individuals.

But that is the sort of individual we all are. Separate selves, of course, but selves whose selfhood has been constituted in part by our membership. Our "encumbrances" are not like hats and coats that we put on when we go out into the cold and take off when we come home. They are a part of our selves, and they have to figure in the agreement (or agreements) that we reach about the principles of justice. More particularly, we won't agree to communal distributions and redistributions, or to the difference principle, unless we already understand our selfhood in terms of membership. Hence that agreement is not properly conceived as a contract negotiated by agents without qualities but as "the coming to self-awareness" of intersubjective beings—where self-awareness is simply an individual's recognition that he is what he is because of the particular set of others among whom he lives. His being incorporates his time and place, and though he is organically separate, he is also mentally and morally a member: "To imagine a person incapable of constitutive attachments such as these is not to conceive an ideally free and rational agent, but to imagine a person wholly without character, without moral depth. For to have character is to know that I move in a history I neither summon nor command, which carries consequences nonetheless for my choices and conduct. It draws me closer to some and more distant from others; it makes some aims more appropriate, others less so. As a self-interpreting being, I am able to reflect on my history and in this sense to distance myself from it, but the distance is always precarious and provisional, the point of reflection never finally secured outside the history itself." This is very well put, and it suggests both the beauty and the clarity of Sandel's position. His is a new and authentic philosophical voice. His argument is neither mystical nor precious; it describes what I take to be the reality of moral experience. And it makes for a finely nuanced morality, for it invites us to distinguish degrees of "constitutive attachment." The different communities of which we are members can figure in greater and lesser ways in the making of our selfhood and then of our agreements.

SANDEL GOES ON to argue that whenever selfhood is strongly shaped by community, whenever our attachments are deep and we can hardly imagine ourselves detached and purely self-determining, justice ceases to be (what Rawls calls it) "the first virtue of social institutions." Then, as in a good family, sympathy and solidarity are the first virtues, and it is only when these fail that we have recourse to the calculations of advantage required by justice. "So justice finds its limits in those forms of community that engage the identity as well as the interests of the participants." This is the argument that gives the book its title, and it is a good argument, which doesn't rest, as some readers will think, on some utopian fantasy—with pure love replacing the pure will of liberal contractualism. Rather, Sandel provides a way of understanding all those historical cultures in which the question of justice has not been regarded as the paramount question.

But I think that the importance of "constitutive attachments" extends further than Sandel's title suggests. It is not only the case that justice, in certain sorts of communities, is something less than the "first virtue." But, in every community, the forms of intersubjective experience—language, culture, political history, and so on—are implicated in our conceptions of justice. Sandel's argument points toward pluralism as well as limitation. For we can't hold a single and universally valid conception of justice in

THE WAY HOLOGRAMS WORK

The day you explained memory to me
I gave you a still of Lauren Bacall
Which I had bought in Christmas-decorated rain
Along with a music box for my mother
With a dancing yellow bird in it.
On the eleventh floor of Meier and Frank
I wound five of them up with different tunes
On a table of jades glowing inside.
I hunted among cow skulls for sale,
Ten dollars apiece, letters from famous people,
And a flag flown on a PT boat in the war;
Pawed through cutlery, umbrellas, pipestems
Pointing down one narrow store.
  But here is what I bought
  in *To Have and Have Not*.

The day I gave you a still of Lauren Bacall
And you explained to me how memory worked,
A family drove out of nowhere in a black car,
Lamplight stretching, sliding off it,
Coiling in a wake like tangles of film
Until at a tree lot we stood out spruces together,
Pushed their branches down, found the one
With arms our silk-winged heirloom moth
(My favorite ornament) could dance between.
But O the other winter nights I pressed
My ear to the neighbors' empty aviary,
Hoping to hear small birds of every color,
Unapparent endings to remember . . .
Suddenly, in a bin, my hands fell on this:
  Look, I've found our Christmas star.
  I have and I haven't.

SANDRA MCPHERSON

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tension with a number of equally valid conceptions of community. Sandel seems sometimes to suggest such an unbalanced tension, but I don't think this is the ultimate import of his argument. Justice itself will be different in each case if it is the product, even in part, of the self-awareness of attached selves. Justice may also have features common to all its cases (and so may community), but to emphasize particular attachments is to suggest a pluralist, and perhaps also a relativist, moral position. This is unexplored ground among contemporary philosophers, and Sandel's purpose, I think, is to give us a reason for undertaking the exploration. We are searching, he suggests, for a way to bring real agents, encumbered selves, you and me, back into the process out of which justice takes its shape.

MICHAEL WALZER

Michael Walzer is a contributing editor to TNR. His latest book, *Spheres of Justice*, will be published by Basic Books in the spring.

PILGRIMS TO THE HOLY LAND

Digging for God and Country: Exploration, Archeology, and the Secret Struggle for the Holy Land, 1799–1917 by Neil Asher Silberman

(Knopf, 228 pp., $16.95)

Travelers in Ancient Lands: A Portrait of the Middle East 1839–1919 by Louis Vaczek and Gail Buckland

(New York Graphic Society, 202 pp., $35)

Disraeli's Grand Tour: Benjamin Disraeli and the Holy Land, 1830–31 by Robert Blake

(Oxford University Press, 141 pp., $14.95)

At the dawn of the nineteenth century, Napoleon invaded Egypt, dreaming of establishing a prosperous French colony on the banks of the Nile. Along with the machines of war, the Scientific and Artistic Commission sailed to Cairo to survey the past and recommend a course for restoring its glories. The interest kindled by reports from that expedition did not die under the British guns at Acre. Poets, painters, and photographers, missionaries and archaeologists, diplomats and do-gooders—thousands of Westerners came to explore the Levant, defined by one dictionary as "the East, the Orient . . . the countries washed by the eastern Mediterranean."

In *Digging for God and Country: Exploration, Archeology, and the Secret Struggle for the Holy Land, 1799-1917*, Neil Asher Silberman successfully recreates the atmosphere of the declining years of the Ottoman Empire, when clergymen, archaeologists, and plotting diplomats tried to gain influence for their respective countries under the guise of scientific searches for Biblical remains.

Archaeology got off to a bad start in Palestine with Lady Hester Lucy Stanhope, granddaughter of William Pitt. Abrasive and sensation-seeking, she once heard an inmate of an insane asylum predict that she would become Queen of the Jews. Convinced that her future lay in the Levant, she arrived at the ancient city of Ashkelon in search of a hidden treasure, but instead of gold she unearthed a decapitated statue of a Roman emperor. The Lady was determined to show that, unlike Lord Elgin, she was no plunderer: the gold she sought was meant to be presented to the Sultan as a token of British esteem. So she ordered the massive statue—the first archaeological discovery in the Holy Land—to be smashed to pieces and tossed into the Mediterranean. There were some heroes, people like the Biblical scholar Edward Robinson, or Harvard's George Reiser, who revolutionized archaeology by introducing stratigraphy to his excavations. While several of the incidents in *Digging for God and Country* may deserve more than a sketchy description, and some of Silberman's assumptions are arguable, the book is both amusing and informative, ideal for the armchair explorer.

In 1839, as soon as the process of photography was made public, a new breed of Westerners began to flock to the Levant with its romantic ruins, exotic people, and intense sunlight (which made exposure time shorter). In *Travelers to Ancient Lands: A Portrait of the Middle East 1839-1919* the portrait is "drawn" by the lens of the camera. Louis Vaczek and Gail Buckland's Middle East is the world of Islam as it stretches from "Istanbul to Aden and Alexandria to Teheran." The book opens with a long essay recording "10,000 years of history" from the dawn of civilization in Mesopotamia to the crumbling of the Ottoman Empire. Two hundred sixty-five black-and-white photographs are divided by topic: "The Towns," "The Bedouin," "Caravans and Sailing Ships." The book includes a comprehensive bibliography and biographical notes on the photographers, some of whom were amateurs like Lawrence of Arabia, Gertrude Bell, and Frederic Auguste Bartholdi (the sculptor of the Statue of Liberty). Most of the photographs, however, were taken by professionals. Exquisite images were captured by Frank Good, Francis Frith, the Bonfils family, and, in Thebes in 1890, by George Eastman with Kodak No. 1, the camera that made the medium available to most travelers and hastened the demise of the professionals.

Many of the photographs in this handsome volume have not been published before. They present a record of the Middle East on the verge of modernization, albeit sans dirt, disease, and flies.

> Before . . . progress has completely done its destructive job, before this present which is still the past has forever disappeared, we have tried, so to speak, to fix and immobilize it in a series of photographic views

wrote Adrien Bonfils. "The work of the

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devil," as Mohammed Ali of Egypt called photography in 1839, is splendid work.

The views of another nineteenth-century traveler are the subject of *Disraeli's Grand Tour: Benjamin Disraeli and the Holy Land, 1830-31* in which Robert Blake, the noted biographer, comments on the voyage and its effect on Disraeli's literary work and political judgment. Disraeli was enchanted by the glitter and bustle of Ottoman life. Though he traveled with a former servant of Byron's, he took the side of the Sultan:

> I am quite a Turk, wear a turban, smoke a pipe. . . . I find the habits of this calm and luxurious people entirely agree with my own preconceived opinions of propriety, and I detest the Greeks more than ever.

When he became prime minister those early impressions influenced his dealing with the Eastern Question.

Blake contends that Disraeli was deeply moved by his stay in Jerusalem. The visit was very brief and there is no indication that he met with any Jews. On the basis of a single letter from the Holy City and on several passages from the novels *Alroy*, *Contarini Fleming*, and *Tancred*, Blake concludes that after the trip, Disraeli, the outsider, was better able to cope with British society. He became proud of his Jewish origins and felt he was a member of a superior race. Lord Blake, who had spent eight years on the long biography, *Disraeli*, decided to embark on the *Grand Tour* after he had spent several weeks in Jerusalem and himself fell under the spell of the ancient city. Though no one is more familiar with Disraeli, I wonder if Blake does not read too much into his hero's words.

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At a time when the media daily brings instant news into our living rooms, it is a pleasure to discover the slower pace and more erudite descriptions of observers from the past. It is also reassuring to know that things were not always better in the "old days," and that despite religious and national conflicts life in the region somehow goes on.

NITZA ROSOVSKY

Nitza Rosovsky is exhibit coordinator at the Harvard Semitic Museum, and the author of *Jerusalemwalks* (Holt, Rinehart and Winston/A New Republic Book).

BRIEF REVIEW

A View of My Own: Essays on Literature and Society by Elizabeth Hardwick

(Ecco Press, 214 pp., $6.95 paper)

In a 1955 NEW REPUBLIC article on "The Neglected Novels of Christina Stead," Elizabeth Hardwick acknowledged that,

> The common and lowly fate of most books is shabby gentility. They are more or less accepted, amiably received—nearly everyone is kind about effort and genial in the face of a completed task—and then they are set aside, misplaced, quickly and firmly left out, *utterly forgotten*, as the phrase has it. This is the dust.

Here, in three sentences, the Hardwick style displays itself: the quiet, sure intelligence; the natural elegance (look at the way she stitches in that aside in the second sentence); the beautiful, authoritative discursiveness—and finally salted with an apt, pungent, *unminced* conclusion. "Shabby gentility" is the last fate one would wish for such writing. The Ecco Press would seem to agree, and its re-issue of Hardwick's first essay collection (as well as her first two novels, *The Ghostly Lover* and *The Simple Truth*) restores to print a book most undeservedly set aside.

Hardwick is, of course, an imposing figure in contemporary American letters. The founder and advisory editor of *The New York Review of Books*, she published two acclaimed works in the 1970s: *Seduction and Betrayal* (her essays on women and literature), and a novel, *Sleepless Nights*. Nevertheless, almost despite her books and occasional appearances in *The New Yorker* and *TNYRB*, her reputation has owed more to who she was, than to what she wrote. Now the Ecco Press reissue corrects that misapprehension; it reminds us that Elizabeth Hardwick the writer is every bit as formidable as Elizabeth Hardwick the name.

A View of My Own consists, for the most part, of reviews (Graham Greene, Mary McCarthy, Simone de Beauvoir, Stead, and others; mostly written in the 1950s and for *Partisan Review*) and other "literary" items. One such piece, "Memoirs, Conversations, Diaries," may be the finest in the collection, a model of erudition worn lightly. There are also a memoir of the autumnal Bernard Berenson, an admiring sketch of William James, a polemic on Caryl Chessman, a skeptical look at David Riesman (and this written during a period when intellectuals, made anxious by the Transylvanian temper of the times, carried around copies of *The Lonely Crowd* like so much garlic), and Hardwick's famous dismissal of Boston, in which she accomplishes in fourteen pages what it took Santayana all of *The Last Puritan* to do.

A rare and unmistakable sensibility is at work here, one steeped as much in life as in literature, and the style with which she communicates it is a marvel. If that style has a trademark, it's Hardwick's similes. They are nonpareil, yet so unassuming, so far from being gratuitous, that only repeated exposure brings home their consistent quality. William James's letters are as "genuine as talk"; the record of a life, "as flat and true as a calendar"; and Beckett's *Endgame* "has a sort of therapeutic beauty and truth, like the sight of an open grave." And "there is that loathsome young man, Boswell, 'buttering up' Dr. Johnson, hanging about his coattails like an insurance salesman after a policy."

As the image of an actuarial-citing Boswell suggests, Hardwick can be very witty indeed. Yet for all its accuracy and tang, her sense of humor never raises its voice or dotes on itself. Of course, it doesn't have to. Here, as with her tropes —as with her essays as a whole—excellence need not advertise.

MARK FEENEY

Mark Feeney is on the staff of *The Boston Globe*.

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CORRESPONDENCE, *from page 2*

cause our export opportunities are so dependent on a thriving world economy, we must coordinate our economic policies more closely with those of other industrialized nations to spur recovery from the worldwide recession. And we must take the lead to shore up the shaky world banking system and relax the financial stringency being experienced by many developing nations, a major outlet for expanded American exports in the 1970s.

As we debate these issues, let us remember that all over this country, workers and their communities are suffering. Decent, hardworking Americans suddenly find themselves thrown out of jobs they have held for twenty or thirty years, with no immediate prospects of getting them back. If we do not respond to their plight in a concerned and responsible manner, we will soon be faced with irresistible demands for harsh and damaging legislation.

WALTER F. MONDALE
Washington, D.C.

Michael Kinsley replies:
Mr. Mondale begins by saying he wants "to lower old trade barriers rather than erect new ones," then goes on to rationalize new trade barriers. He makes four points. First, he says our trade problems are made worse by an overvalued dollar. He is right. The trade barriers don't solve this problem, and make no sense as a temporary palliative. Currency exchange rates can change swiftly; trade barriers, once in place, are hard to remove. And if trade partners retaliate in kind, which they will, even the temporary benefit is lost.

Second, there is "the expense of real world social change." As a liberal, Mr. Mondale should know that trying to prevent social change is inevitably more expensive. If, despite "sunk" (that is, already paid for) investments, public and private, certain domestic industries *still* cannot undersell imports, protecting them is no bargain. Mr. Mondale claims to want the transformation of American industry, but here he asks for protection so that transformation can be avoided.

Third, defense. Defense industries are among the few that are booming, thanks to policies I assume Mr. Mondale does not support. If we really need a domestic auto and steel-making capacity for defense, which I doubt, there are cheaper ways to do it than through protection.

Mr. Mondale's fourth point, about comparative advantage, is utterly confused. If any trade advantage these days "can be matched" by other nations, as he says, then international trade has no point whatever and we are well advised to avoid it. In fact, the point of trade is to benefit from other nations' comparative advantage by importing their goods. The only reason any nation—even Japan—has for selling goods abroad is to buy other goods *from* abroad. Developing nations may be justified in nurturing domestic industries through protection, but it hardly makes sense to describe the U.S. auto and steel industries as being at "the early stages of their plans," and it is hard to see how protection from foreign competition will encourage them to shape up.

To the editors:
Michael Kinsley has spotted a disturbing trend in our national politics. He notes, correctly, that some who have expressed an interest in the Democratic Presidential nomination in 1984 evidently "want to respond to foreign trade restraints by imposing restraints of our own, even though such restraints are at least as costly to us as they are to the nations they are directed at."

However, Mr. Kinsley may wish to note also that not all those who may ultimately contend for the Democratic nomination have succumbed to the "protectionist paranoia." I, for one, have repeatedly expressed views essentially identical to those endorsed by Mr. Kinsley in his article.

For example, as United States Trade Representative in the Carter Administration, I publicly opposed the imposition of restraints, "voluntary" or otherwise, on imports of Japanese cars. Later, I publicly opposed the "involuntary voluntary restraints" (to borrow a phrase from Japanese Ambassador Saburo Okita) imposed by the Japanese shortly after President Reagan assumed office. And I oppose the "domestic content" bill that would require a high percentage of American parts and labor in cars sold in the United States. To my mind, the American automobile industry needs not protectionism, in whatever form, but rather an affirmative national policy that addresses the fundamental competitive problems of the industry in a constructive and comprehensive way.

Nevertheless, if we hope to maintain a domestic constituency for open trade, much more must be done to assure that trade is conducted on fair and even-handed terms. Unfair trade practices must be vigorously opposed. And lowered barriers to trade worldwide must be forcefully pursued. For example, it is imperative that we continue to press Japan to open its markets further to our goods and services. Also, it is important that we appreciate the impact of the Common Agricultural Policy of the European Community on our ability to sell our farm products in competition with the Europeans in third markets. In agriculture, as well as in manufactured goods, we may be at the point where a counterattack is required against the profligate use of export subsidies by many of our major commercial competitors. Yet such a counterattack can be justified only as part of a temporary, overall effort to eliminate such subsidies altogether.

As Robert B. Reich explains in the same issue in which Mr. Kinsley's article appears ("Take the Money and Run," TNR, November 15), the challenge we face is one of adjustment in a time of sweeping international transition. And this challenge "is more political than economic." With the requisite political will, we can undoubtedly make the transition required by the new realities in which we find ourselves. But misguided ventures into protectionism will only postpone needed adjustments and accelerate our continuing economic decline.

REUBIN O'D. ASKEW
Miami, Florida

CATHOLIC SOCIOLOGY

To the editors:
In his review of the work of James Coleman and his associates, Phil Keisling writes, "Private schools have coexisted with public ones throughout American history, but until recently they've escaped the scrutiny of the professional sociologist" ("How to Save the Public Schools," TNR, November 1).

Not so. The first sociological study of Catholic schools was undertaken by Peter H. and Alice S. Rossi in the late 1950s. After Rossi came to the National Opinion Research Center at the University of Chicago, he began a twenty-year tradition of research on Catholic schools and has produced a dozen monographs and a score of articles. The last monograph, using the same data from which Coleman worked, is entitled *Minority Students in Catholic High Schools* and is published by Transaction Press.

REV. ANDREW M. GREELEY
National Opinion Research Center
Chicago, Illinois

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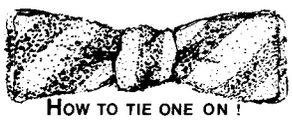
Men  Bowties

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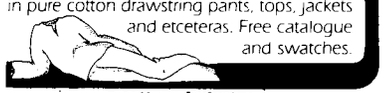
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WASHINGTON DIARIST

Beer

AT 10:30 one crisp morning during the Congressional election recess, a green double-decker bus pulled up to a street corner on Capitol Hill and began loading. From a caterer's truck came tanks of Bloody Marys and screwdrivers, coffee, trays of Danish. From the nearly vacant office buildings came thirty-five House and Senate aides. They piled aboard and the bus lumbered off on a day-long excursion to the National Beer Wholesalers Association convention in Baltimore. Over lunch at the Hyatt Regency Hotel, while the aides attacked the beer-sampler centerpieces, the wholesalers' lobbyist, Richard Thornburg, did his best to quell any misunderstanding that this was a fact-finding mission. "This is a no-business kind of day," he announced. "It's just a blow-out day while Congress is in recess. I should warn you, you may run into some of your constituents. We have two thousand wholesalers here from every state. That is not to say that you should lower the amount of beer you drink. I just thought I should warn you." Whereupon the aides were set loose in a dizzying maze of hospitality suites and carnival booths dispensing, free of charge, more than two hundred different beers. As he watched his charges disperse, Thornburg said, "Too frequently, people in my profession concentrate on the members of Congress. They give them presents at Christmas and everything, and they forget about the staff. But it's the staff—the nuts-and-bolts people—who get everything done."

SUCH ATTENTION to detail has helped propel the National Beer Wholesalers Association from relative obscurity to a position of newfound notoriety in Washington. What got the group noticed outside the world of beer marketing was the Malt Beverage Interbrand Competition Act, a bill designed to assure wholesalers the right to sign exclusive territorial contracts with brewers without running afoul of the federal antitrust laws. In a little more than a year after the wholesalers persuaded Representative Jack Brooks, Democrat of Texas, to introduce their measure, it attracted more than two-thirds of Congress as co-sponsors, thanks to a grass-roots lobbying campaign that overcame the objections of grocers, bar owners, and consumer groups. Through their fledgling political action committee (inevitably named SixPAC), The wholesalers disbursed $50,000 in campaign thank-you notes to friendly legislators.

THE CONGRESSIONAL RECESS provided an opportunity to lubricate some of the lesser cogs in the political machine. Thornburg invited one hundred and fifty staffers "with whom we expect to have a continuing relationship" to come prowl the hospitality suites at the Baltimore Convention Center. Most were busy with campaign activities, and a few, notably aides who work for Representative Peter Rodino on the Judiciary Committee, where the beer bill is pending, demurred, citing "the look of impropriety." Ironically, the day after the Congressional staff junket, the beer wholesalers' board of directors decided to suspend their lobbying efforts on behalf of the beer antitrust bill. After looking over a recent Supreme Court case and an assortment of lesser court rulings in antitrust disputes, wholesaler officials decided they actually may have more discretion under current law than they would have under the legislation they had drafted and peddled so successfully. I cornered wholesaler executive vice president Robert Sullivan, whom the beer distributors hired last year from the National Oil Jobbers Association to help put them on the legislative map. Were his spirits dampened by this anticlimax? Not a bit, he assured me. The beer bill crusade, he said, "took us from being unknown to a position of some prominence."

ON THE SAME DAY as their board meeting, the convention-goers heard Augustus H. Hewlett, president of the Alcohol Policy Council, address the subject, "Alcohol Abuse: Are We Losing the Battle with the Prohibitionists?" Hewlett believes the liquor industry is threatened by a dangerous national backlash he describes as "neoprohibitionism." As examples of this ominous trend Hewlett cites the movements against lenient treatment of drunk drivers and underage drinking, the quest for higher excise taxes on liquor, proposals for advertising restrictions, and almost any other restraint on the free marketing and consumption of alcoholic beverages. Hewlett is not, however, on the liquor industry payroll. He comes at this issue from a somewhat loftier ground: "23 years experience in leadership positions in the field of alcohol abuse and alcoholism," as his biographical sketch says. He has worked for a variety of state, federal, and private commissions devoted to alcohol education. The Alcohol Policy Council consists, so far, of an unpaid advisory committee of fellow "alcoholism professionals" and a newsletter largely written and produced by Hewlett himself. Though he is prospecting for financial support from the liquor industry, and does get occasional speaking engagements, he is plainly surprised that the industry has not made more use of his services. As he candidly points out, given his message (that alcohol education and regulation are mutually exclusive) "everybody is going to accuse us of being in the industry's hip pocket anyway."

I LOOKED UP HEWLETT in Washington, for a sample of his rhetorical repertoire. Quite a catalog it was, encompassing liberal criminology (tough laws don't work because police and juries won't enforce them), practical civics (if tough laws did work, the courts and prisons would all be clogged and the crime rates would go up), free-enterprise economics (raising liquor taxes will merely drive people to bootleg or buy less), commercial self-interest ("What happens to 7-Eleven stores if the neoprohibitionists get their way?"), and a trace of conspiracy theory (Mothers Against Drunk Driving and other champions of tough sentencing for highway drunks are being "heavily exploited by the strict control advocates"). Worst of all, Hewlett explains, the recent assaults on drink represent a retreat from the enlightened attitude toward alcohol abuse this country has developed over the past twenty years. "Tough governmental sanctions reinforce the guilt felt by many alcoholics with regard to the simple consumption of alcohol, and that guilt worsens the alcoholic's condition." So before you snatch away a driving license from a drunk and slap him in the pokey, think of the emotional burden you are building for the struggling alcoholic.

BILL KELLER

Bill Keller is a reporter with the Washington bureau of the *Dallas Times Herald*.

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